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THE REBEL QUEEN

BY

WALTER BESANT

AUTHOR OF

'ARMOREL OF LYONESSE' 'THE IVORY GATE' 'LONDON' ETC.

'The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa'
And love was aye the Lord o' a' '

'The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man'
DEUT. xxii. 5

IN THREE VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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THE REBEL QUEEN

CHAPTER X

FORBIDDEN LOVE

THERE is a certain street in a certain suburb —every great town's suburb begins where all the houses have gardens. This is a street inhabited by foremen of works, heads of departments in the smaller factories, clerks, national schoolmasters, and the like—a street of quite the better sort. The houses, which are all alike, contain a room in the basement and a kitchen, two rooms on the ground floor, two on the first floor, and a garret. All the houses in the street show the same ornamentation in lines of coloured bricks. At the back of the houses on the West side stretches

a large open space. None of the residents, I believe, have ever objected to this open space that it is a place of tombs; on the contrary, they congratulate themselves on the fine freedom of air obtained by the breadth and length of the cemetery—it is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad—none of the residents, who are people of common-sense, ever give a thought to the multitudinous dead who lie buried there. As for being afraid of their ghosts, whoever heard of a ghost in a new-fashioned cemetery? The sighs which reach the ears of the sleepless at night are recognised as the rustling of the poplars, not the plaint of the dead; there comes from it at sunset no awfulness of the tomb; yonder white form rising above the headstones at twilight is not a spectre and nobody takes it for a spectre; it is but a broken pillar, a tasty and appropriate thing commemorating the name and life of a respected citizen prematurely cut off at eighty-one.

The houses in this street are clean and well kept; the blinds are half down—this fact alone proves the respectability of the tenants; the

doorsteps are whitened once a week—for Sunday morning; for the same occasion knocker and door-handle are polished.

In the daytime the street is left entirely empty, except for the costers. For obvious reasons there is little social intercourse among housewives in the morning: at twelve o'clock the children bring back life to the streets by coming home for dinner: towards four in the afternoon there begins movement, windows are thrown up, doors are opened, ladies who have got on their 'things' come out and converse with each other.

This evening, about seven, a young lady, dressed daintily, if not richly, was set down at the end of the street by the tram. She knew her way and tripped along the pavement quickly, without looking about her.

Halfway down the street, on the side where the backs overlook the cemetery, she stopped at a door which bore a brass plate, on which was engraved the legend: 'Miss Bernard, Teacher of Music.' And in the window was posted a card announcing that the terms were a

shilling an hour, and that instruction was imparted either on the piano, the concertina, or the banjo, on these very reasonable terms.

'Why! Good gracious! If it isn't Clara!'

The Professor of Music was at the moment composing—not a sonata—but a harmony in grey stuff for a best walking-dress. She took the pins out of her mouth before this ejaculation, dropped the stuff, and jumped into the arms of her visitor. 'It's Clara!' she repeated. 'Three months and more since you've been to see me!'

'Six months and more since you've been to see me, Cousin Nell, if you come to that.'

'Well, but you've got nothing to do—not even your dress to make, nor your hat to trim. And see what I've got to do! Pupils all day, off and on. The dinner to order—perhaps father may look in—no one ever knows when he may arrive; the house to look after, the girl gets more slovenly every day; and all my things to make for myself if I want to look nice.'

'You always do look nice, Nell.'

So she did: a girl much after the style of her cousin, but smaller, a bright and capable girl, good-tempered but sharp-tempered, resolute, quick of speech and of manner, a girl who did things quickly; fair of complexion, like her cousin.

'Whatever you put on, Nell,' repeated her cousin, 'you always look neat and nice. It's been too bad of me to stay away so long, but I've been a good deal occupied painting, and all kinds of things.'

'Society claims young ladies,' Nell laughed. 'Oh! I know all about the grand people. Madame Elveda's private theatricals are in the penny Society papers: "Miss Clara Angelo made a charming Esther." Father saw it, and cut it out for me. Well, why shouldn't you go into the best society there is? You've got the money; you've got the finest education in the world; you've got the beauty; you've got the manners. You'll marry a lord—see if you don't! Your father wouldn't mind much if you did.'

Clara took off her hat. 'Father's gone to a dinner at the Café Royal. I've come to have supper and a long talk. Let me help you with your dress, Nell.'

'You shall have supper and welcome. Only, Clara, I don't know how you'll like it. There's my lodger.'

'A lodger! Here? Why, Nell, what do you want with lodgers?'

'I don't know. Give me one more lodger, and I shall begin to be a widow who's known better days. Father took it into his head that we wanted to let lodgings. Came here—told me to get ready his room for a lodger. So we've got a lodger. First I thought he must be some friend of father's down on his luck, and wanting whisky and soda all day long, with the *Sportsman* to read. But nothing of the kind. My dear, I don't believe he knows the head of a horse from his tail, or even the taste of a Scotch and a split. He's just a soft-spoken man who works at wood-carving, and walks up and down the garden, with his hands behind him, thinking.'

'A working man? And lodging here?'

'Yes. You know what father is. You mustn't ask about anything. You've just got to do it. Of course, there's some reason behind. Father doesn't send a strange man into the house at five shillings a week for his room—we can do without his five shillings—and fifteen shillings a week for his board—beer and washing extra—without some reason. There's something behind. Shall you mind sitting down to table with a wood-carver by trade? I'm quite ashamed, but you see how it is. And really he is a superior kind of man.'

Clara laughed. 'You won't put it into a penny Society paper, will you, Nell? I don't mind if you don't. Well, but it's very odd of your father. What's the man's name?'

'He calls himself Ellis, but his name, of course, is something else. Emanuel Ellis he calls himself, but I call him—we're very good friends already—I call him Emanuel. He calls everybody by the first name. You see, he is some sort of a gentleman—I don't know

what. He's not a common working man, anyhow.'

'Wood-carving is one of the Fine Arts. He is an artist. Perhaps he is a Nihilist or something, though why your father should take in a Nihilist I don't know.'

'Come into my room and lay down your things.' Her own room upstairs overlooked the garden. Nell lifted the gauze blind. 'There he is, Clara. He takes his bench and he works there: when he isn't working he walks about thinking. Real working men, mind, don't think—they read the paper. Sometimes he leans over the wall and looks at the tombs; real working men never look at tombs—they talk in the bar.' The lodger, in fact, was walking up and down the narrow strip of garden, his hands behind his back, his head hanging.

'He works for Mortimer Street,' Nell went on. 'So your father knows him, Clara, as well as mine. He will walk like that for hours; sometimes he will make notes in a pocket-book. He's no common wood-carver.'

Just then the lodger lifted his head.

'Why,' cried Clara, 'I seem to know him! Where have I seen that face before?'

'At meals,' said Nell, 'he talks like a book. He's been everywhere travelling.'

'What does he travel in?' Clara sometimes betrayed, or did not attempt to conceal, her knowledge of commercial methods.

'Nothing. He isn't a business man.'

'I'm sure I've seen a face like his! Oh! I know. It is like the face of Francesca's father, that she keeps in her own room with white flowers always round it. I believe she says prayers before it when nobody is looking. Oh! it is the type of the Spanish Jew—our type. You can tell it anywhere. Nelly, I sometimes think that we *can't* be of the same race as those poor creatures with pasty cheeks and hollow chests that you see in Whitechapel. We *must* be descended from Joshua's captains. These poor creatures are the Gibeonites.'

Nell dropped the curtain and they went downstairs again.

There was something more than the lodger

to talk about: nor had Clara come for nothing but a simple call and a supper. The girls began by making talk—to keep off the inevitable. Clara asked about business; Nell talked about her pupils and their ambitions, which mostly pointed to the boards of the Music-Hall. Then that dropped, and then Clara plunged into the real business of the day.

'You've got something more to tell me, Nell. What was it you meant?'

Nell picked up her work and bent over it to hide her burning cheeks. 'Clara,' she said, 'what am I to do? He won't take No for an answer.'

'But, Nell, what do you mean? The thing's quite—quite impossible.'

'How can it be impossible? It is done over and over again.'

'But you can't do it—you must not think of it. Why—it's madness! Do you know what it means? To give up your religion and your People and all?'

'I tell him so. He says that if I really

and truly loved him I should be ready to give up everything and follow him.'

'But, Nell, you surely don't mean that you love him—love him—love a Christian?'

Nell bent her head lower.

'You must give him up, Nell,' Clara said eagerly. 'You must. Do you hear? You must.'

Nell made no reply.

'Oh! my dear—think—never to see any of your own People again—not me—nor my father—nor your own father—nor our cousins! To go right away from all the People's traditions and our inheritance, and the promises—to join the Gentiles who have persecuted us for ages—and would still persecute us if they dared—but we are too rich and strong for them—to take up with the religion which we have always despised—even at our lowest and worst—Nell—you must not—you must not!'

Nell still made no reply. Clara caught her hands. 'Nell, dear,' she said, 'you will promise to think no more about this nonsense

—won't you? You must promise. It would break your father's heart. Oh! such a disgrace to the family! What does he know about it?'

'Nothing. I am afraid to tell him,' the girl whispered.

'Afraid to tell him? What is there then to tell? Oh! Nell—you haven't! . . . Oh! you haven't!'

Nell threw off her cousin's hands and sprang to her feet. 'I have, then! I've promised. Oh, Clara! it's all very well for you. Your father is rich: you live in a great house and have carriages and servants and everything: you will have plenty of money all your life: you can choose the best: you are pretty——'

'I am not so pretty as you, Nell.'

'You are. And dressed ten times as well. If there is any young man of the People that any girl might like to marry, you can have him. What about me? I sit here alone all day! No friends ask me out! There's nobody to talk to except my pupils! When

father is at home he sits in his room all the time adding up figures—he never talks to me even at meals. Sometimes he says, "How's business, Nell?" Sometimes he says, "Do this, Nell. Do this or that." Nothing but orders. I never go anywhere—I've got no nice friends. There is no Society for me. If I am to marry, what choice is there? Come with me to Wentworth Street, and talk to those cousins of ours. Would you like to marry—actually to marry—one of them? No, Clara, not even your religion would persuade you to do that.'

'Which does not mean that you are to take a Christian, Nell.'

'What am I to do, then?'

'If we can't find among our own People a husband worth such a wife as you, Nell, you must go without. And who wants you to marry one of our poor cousins? Not your father, Nell, I'm sure.'

'And it is all talk of money—money—money, Clara! How can you bear to listen to the talk about money—money—money?

Anthony hates money—he's above such considerations—he scorns it.'

'Nell, you ought to be wiser than to talk like that. Of course it's money. What have our People got to do? We've got to make ourselves strong, respected, feared. We must be feared before we are respected. There must be no more chance of persecution—no more lower position. How can we become strong? We may produce great men of intellect and science—great artists, great musicians; but that isn't enough, because even among Us a very great intellect only shows now and then. Besides, science and art and philosophy don't make money, so they are scorned. We must make money if we want to become powerful. At their own game—I mean the business of money-making—which occupies ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred, we must beat them. And we do beat them. Yes, we do beat them. And they know it. They would persecute us again if they could, because our cleverness frightens them—it humiliates them. Nell,

don't talk nonsense about the money-making. Leave that to those who pretend to despise what they cannot get; leave it to your fine Christian lover, if you dare to acknowledge that you have one.' The girl spoke with the vehemence of one who had to defend the pursuit of money if she would retain her self-respect.

'Well, then, Clara, I have got a lover, and he is a Christian—that is to say, he doesn't care what religion I belong to, so as he is free. So, there, what is going to happen, how it will end, I don't know. I think he will have his own way, he is so masterful. And he won't take No for an answer, and what am I to do? And it is terribly dull all alone here.'

'Not taking No and being married, Nell, are two different things—wait till your father hears about it.'

'You won't tell him, Clara?' she cried eagerly. 'You won't interfere? If you do, I will run away. This very day, I will.'

'No; I won't say a word if you will never

let anybody know that I was in the secret. But Nell—Nell—oh! it is dreadful to think of.'

'Wait till you see him and hear him talk: then you will understand. As for our People, oh, Clara, it is all very well when you live with the rich, but if you lived nearer the other end you would not be so grand with your glorious past and your glorious future. Wait till you see my Anthony.'

'What is he, Nell—a clerk?'

'Oh, no! much better than that. He is in a chemical works—science is his line. You can smell the works a mile off when the wind blows the right way. And he's musical as well—I taught him the banjo. That's how it began. When you sit together, you know, with nothing but the instrument between, and your eyes meeting and your fingers touching—he's got a light and rather pretty handling of the instrument, though he won't practise, and a nice voice. Sometimes he says he shall give up science and go in for Art, meaning the music-hall boards. And then, besides,

he's just tremendous when he gets upon tyrants and the House of Lords. Sometimes he says he shall give up everything in order to get the people their rights. He's a beautiful talker, and handsome, Clara. . . . Oh!'

'A Radical!' There was scorn in the expression. 'As for me, I am on the side where law and order make it possible for people to make money. Suppose the Socialists were to get in, where would our money be?'

'I'm sure I don't know. I've got no money. Not that Anthony is a Socialist. He's coming this evening, Clara, to supper—that is why I wanted you to come to-night. And—and—if there are one or two things said that you don't approve, you won't say anything, will you?'

'I'll have no hand in it, mind.'

'You sha'n't. He's just a gentleman friend dropping in to supper. Any gentleman might do that, I suppose?'

'I suppose so,' Clara replied, with a ghost of a smile. But she looked ill at ease.

'What are his people, Nell?'

'His father runs a little newspaper, but I don't see how he can make it pay. He's a curious man, rather like a gentleman; a soft-spoken man with far-off eyes. I believe he has been to sea. He talks pretty. He wants everybody to see what is right and then to do it. That's his father. His mother—well, you know, I suppose, we've all of us got some trouble with our relations; they were invented so as we shouldn't be too happy—think of our own cousins in that little shop!—Anthony's mother is a kind of troublesome relation. She drinks awful—oh! it's a terrible thing. Anthony can't live at home—only goes to see his father now and then at his office. Hush! here he comes.'

Mr. Anthony Hayling presented the appearance of one who ought to have been a gentleman, but had somehow, at some critical moment, taken a wrong turning. His features were very nearly handsome, his stature was tall, his figure good, his carriage upright. His eyes, however, were too bright and restless, his lips too thin, his head too small, his

profile too sketchy, and his taste in dress too imitative, at a distance, of Piccadilly. His light hair curled all over his head, and his upper lip was adorned with a fringe very carefully groomed. In his buttonhole, of course, he carried a white flower.

He arrived just before supper-time, and at once entered upon an easy and graceful conversation about himself and his own greatness. We are too apt to consider that personal pride should be based upon something that the world respects—rank, wealth, intellect. Here, however, was a small employé in certain chemical works with all the vanity of a full-blown peacock. Clara listened with dislike and contempt. It would be difficult, she thought, to find among her own People a young man so shallow and so vain. Poor Nell!

Presently supper was laid, the two girls lending a hand. Then the lodger appeared.

'Emanuel,' said Nell, 'this is my cousin Clara, and this is my friend Anthony.'

The lodger bowed, not at all like a working

man, Clara observed. She also observed that he went through the ceremony of a grace before meat. Then he took his seat and sat in silence listening to the facile flow of the young man with interest, as if he were considering a specimen.

Anthony took no notice of him. Such young men have small respect for grey hairs: they are an outward sign, not of wisdom, but of being 'used up'—which proves that physical strength is still the thing most regarded in some circles. Emanuel, to Anthony Hayling, was only an old man. Old age begins earlier on some social levels than on others. Among the younger working men a man is considered middle-aged at thirty, old at forty, well-nigh past work at fifty, and senile at sixty. At seventy he is disgracefully trespassing beyond the limits allowed to life.

Emanuel, then, sat in silence. Clara, watching him, observed that his manners at table were very far beyond what one expects of an ordinary working man. She set him down for some person under a cloud, the

nature of which was known to her uncle and her father; and that for some reason or other it was best for him to be in seclusion for a while. Then she returned to the study of this illegal lover; and she observed, to her disquiet, an illustration in fact of the abominable French proverb: 'Il y a toujours un qui aime et l'autre qui est aimé.' In this case it was the young man who received, tolerated, and even encouraged the passion of the girl. Poor Nell showed her devotion in a hundred ways: it caused her lover's glass of beer to overflow: it covered his fruit tart with sugar; it emphasised his talk with eyes of admiration and murmurous words of assent. One has observed similar symptoms in maidens of still loftier station. Anthony received these attentions with a kind of superior condescension. They were due to him, in his own opinion, as to the superior animal, by the girl who was engaged to him.

'I am a man of Science, Miss Angelo.' Anthony recalled her attention by addressing her personally; his talk had been of that

copious, facile, commonplace, day-before-yesterday wisdom to which one gladly closes the ear of attention. "I am a man of Science, I've passed examinations. And I am a man of Art, too. I will play and sing to you presently, if you like. And I'm a Social Reformer, too.'

'Three rolled into one!' cried the admiring Nell. 'Think of that, Clara!'

'It's unusual,' the young man continued modestly and awkwardly. 'Because one doesn't know which line to take up for choice. It's this way, as Nell knows. If I stick to the works—where I am already indispensable—"What we should do without Hayling," the Manager said only this morning, "I don't know"—that's what he said, Nell.'

'He knows a good man when he's got one,' the girl replied.

'Well—if I stay there, some day I shall become manager—a thousand a year—that's all—only a thousand a year. But what's money compared with position? I never allow money to decide anything. Suppose

I go on the Music-Hall boards—why, worse singers and players than me make their fifty pounds a week—of course it's hard work, I know, and the public is uncertain—but still—fifty pounds a week! Then, again, it isn't the money, but the position! No one in the world cares for money less than me. Well—But suppose I jack up both and go into the House—you should have heard my speech last March at the Parliament—there's certain glory waiting for me to pick it up—only one has got to live.'

'Anthony is the one to lead the people,' said Nell. 'No one like him for that.'

'Not since Charley Bradlaugh went under,' Anthony replied modestly. 'You come some night, Miss Angelo, and hear me speak.'

'Are you a Socialist, Mr. Hayling?'

'Socialist? Not exactly,' he answered. 'Socialist? That means everybody getting the same pay, the skulk and the sneak and the blackleg, with the worker. Not good enough for me. I want every man to have what he earns—all he earns. What he makes

is his—for himself—no Socialist rot for me; no working for other people; not to share a penny with the skulks; not to give a penny to make any lazy middleman rich; and not to pay taxes to keep any class in idleness.'

'Are you going to take their money from the poor people who are rich, then?'

'Not in the way you think; I am only going to make their money of no use to them, that's all. Strikes you as original, that idea, doesn't it? I don't give it away to everybody, you know. If we choose to say that there shall be no more rich people there will be no more, and that in less time than you can understand.'

'How will you do that, Mr. Hayling?'

'Quite easily,' he replied in his light and airy way. 'We shall just stop paying any interest: no more dividends: we shall take over the gas, the water, the trains, trams, and omnibuses: we shall make interest illegal. What more do you want?'

Clara laughed. 'You will find it very easy indeed.'

'As soon as I begin you shall see the splinters fly. First, I shall make myself what my father wanted to be but couldn't, a leader of the people. If preaching would settle the labour question, Dad would have settled it long ago. But there, perhaps, after all I shall stay at the works.'

'Don't,' said Nell. 'Go into the House and be Prime Minister.'

'Perhaps—perhaps. All I can say is that the last time I talked with—well—before strangers'—he nodded, very politely, in the direction of Emanuel—'I can't tell you his name, but you'd be surprised if you knew who he was. "Young man," he said, "you are the sort we want in the House. If I'd fifty with me like you——" But I mustn't repeat all he said. A Cabinet Minister draws five thousand. Hang the money! Think of the position!'

'His father,' said Nell, admiringly, 'is proprietor, I told you, of a Labour Organ. His name is Anthony Hayling, too!' Emanuel started. 'He is a very clever man, which

explains——' she nodded sideways, indicating the intellect of the son.

Emanuel looked up, suddenly taking an interest in the conversation.

'Your name,' he said, 'is Anthony Hayling, is it? Eighteen years ago I knew one Anthony Hayling. He was then an officer on a sailing-ship in which I took a voyage from Malaga to Alexandria. Your face as well as your name reminds me of him.'

'Yes,' Anthony answered carelessly. 'Father was a sailor for a long time. He gave it up about a dozen years ago, and came here to muddle away his money on his Labour Organ, which working men won't read. I dare say he was your friend. If you want to see him you can find him at his office.' The appearance of the stranger, with his gentle look and soft voice, did not attract him. 'What was I saying?' he went on. 'Oh! yes. If I were to go in for politics I should lecture and organise.'

'On what subjects would you lecture, young man?' asked Emanuel.

'Social economy! I don't suppose,' Anthony added with consideration, 'that you know what it means.'

'Perhaps not. What would you organise, young man?'

'Strikes, old man, strikes! There have been strikes already, but skittles and beer compared to what I shall arrange. Wealth isn't silver and gold. It's shares. Strikes! Keep on striking. Ruin the shares. Destroy the dividends. That's the way to destroy Capital—which is investments.'

'I have heard of that way. It has been tried for thirty years and more. Capital has been injured, perhaps, but more has been created. Capital goes on growing while there is peace. It will go on growing, if not here, then elsewhere. I could show you, perhaps, a better way than that.'

'Oh!'—the future gladiator of the platform was aroused by this opposition. He changed colour and his bright eyes flashed dangerously. 'You know a better plan, do you? *You* know a better way—*you*! And

who are you, and how did you get at your better way? You're not an Englishman, to begin with—you're a foreigner. Well, bring out your better plan.'

'In good time—in my own good time, young man.'

'Well, then, listen to this, and then take a back seat, and hope that nobody will see you. When there is no more dividend there is no more capital. Shares that produce nothing can't be sold. When there's nothing to sell, the workman takes over the plant and runs the show for himself; now then.'

'There is a better way.' Emanuel rose from the table—supper was finished. 'Perhaps, young man'—he spoke as one having authority—'for the sake of your father, if he proves to be my old and esteemed friend, and after consultation with him, and if you are worthy to be his son, I may impart to you that better way.' He bowed to the girls, and retired.

'Worthy?' Anthony Hayling rubbed his forehead with bewilderment. The thing was

incredible. 'Me—worthy? Me—the son of my father? Who is he, anyhow, Nell? What does he know? What does he mean?'

'He's father's lodger, Mr. Emanuel Ellis. That's all I know. Don't mind him, Anthony.'

'Well, Nell; you'd better advise him—he don't know our ways—if he doesn't want a rough-and-tumble, to keep a civil tongue in his head. Old as he is, I've seen older men knocked off a platform before now. Me—worthy? Well, never mind. What's coming is this, Miss Angelo. Nell knows. It isn't what you expect. It isn't Socialism. That means the capable working for the incapable. We're not going to stand any such rot as that. Ours is to be the reign of the working man; everything is to belong to the man who made it; everything is to be sold in national stores for the man who made it. No living on the work and brains of others, no idle men; as for getting rich, every man will get as rich as he can by means of his own labour, but he won't be able to buy the labour of anybody else, nor the land, nor will he be able to get interest

for his money, and there will be pensions for everybody.'

'Isn't it wonderful, Clara?' cried Nell. 'He works it all out like a pattern.'

'I think, Mr. Hayling, that you have hardly considered the difficulties.'

'That is what they all say. The old difficulty is the combination of the men. And there was never a better chance of Universal Combination than to-day. Well, but as I was saying, perhaps I shall stay at the works after all—and perhaps I shall go on the boards.'

'Now take the banjo, Anthony, and show Clara how beautifully you can sing and play.'

The style of the singing was like that of his social philosophy, imitated and borrowed. He handled his banjo with apparent ease, which disguised his very limited mastery of the instrument, and his voice, musical but thin, had caught something of the touch and go which some music-hall artists affect.

'When I sang that song,' he said, after his third and last performance, 'to the Manager

of the "Olympian," he just slapped me on the shoulder. "My boy," he says, "at our little shop alone there's ten pound a week waiting for you to pick up.'

'Ten pound a week!' echoed Nell, with a triumphant glance at her cousin. 'Fancy that! Ten pound a week!'

At half-past ten Clara walked down the street with this young leader of the future. He was interesting. He was so confident, so ready for fighting, that she almost felt as if the battle was already lost to her friends—the weakest Cause looks strong when there appears a man in battle array as its Champion, even though a whole army be drawn out against him: it was not Goliath only whom David defeated but the multitude of the Philistines behind him.

In the course of a single hour this young man had destroyed every institution in the country: he had pulled everything down and rebuilt it upon his own style of architecture. It was as if on the site of Westminster Abbey were erected houses of small streets

after the fashion of the Hinterland of Mile-End Road—houses for the honest, intelligent, earnest working men. And so on—and so on. We know the kind of talk. It may be inspired by a noble generosity, it may be founded on imitation and vanity. It is, however, the most remarkable sign of the times that everywhere, on every level, every young man is now engaged more or less in considering the questions of social conservation or social revolution. To most of these young men comes the vision of a new world. Even to this shallow young pretender, who stole his ideas and his phrases, there may have been some kind of dream. He knew nothing, but he had, perhaps—an inheritance from his father—a glimmering of a desire for justice. Dreams of the hardness of men's hearts, of their selfishness, of their dishonesty, never have a chance of a hearing. But only to dream impossible things prevents mankind from sinking back into the ancient hopelessness. And the more these things are preached, the wider these ideas are spread, the more difficult

becomes the position of the sweater and the grinder. Because, you see, the world is growing gradually to despise the sweater, and nobody likes to be despised. Therefore, let us encourage the dreamers, even the shallow-brain who steals his dreams.

Clara walked beside the young man in silence. At the end of the street she stopped. 'I take a tram here,' she said. 'One word, Mr. Hayling. You know that I am Nell's cousin. She has told me something to-day which pains me inexpressibly.'

'What's that?'

'That you and she are engaged.'

'Well? Why should that pain you?'

'Because it is forbidden by our religion. We marry only with our own People. If Nell leaves her home to marry you, she will have to give up her religion, her father, her relations, her own People—everything. She will come to you without a single friend to wish her happiness or to stand by her in trouble.'

'Well, Miss Angelo,' said the young man airily, 'when she comes to me I will give her

another religion—she can take whatever she pleases, for all I care. I will be her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all her relations, her People—everything. If that's all, good night.'

He nodded his head without raising his hat, laughed, and turned away.

CHAPTER XI

THE 'FRIEND OF LABOUR'

THE office of the *Friend of Labour*—Editor and Proprietor, Mr. Anthony Hayling—consists of an outer and an inner room, the ground-floor of a little old house wedged in between two big modern ones. The house is so old that it has the projecting wooden windows and gable of three hundred years ago. Its floors are uneven. It would have fallen long ago but for the friendly support of its neighbours. It might be a beautiful house but for its shabby condition and the want of new paint, which make it retreat between its younger neighbours as far as it can. The windows, however, are bright because the tenant, the above-named Editor and Proprietor, cleans them with his own hands once

every week from top to bottom. For the same reason—namely, that the tenant himself scrubs the floors—the house within is clean.

The paper is sold in the front office to the few who buy it. The boy who dispenses it and watches over the till finds the work all too light for his energies. In the room at the back sits, all day long, the Editor. Here he writes the paper; here he cuts out the extracts which mostly fill its eight columns; here he passes the proofs; here he spends the greater part of the day. The two tables are littered with papers—English, American, French, German, and Italian. The paper contains nothing but articles and news belonging to the world of labour; there is always a leading article by the Editor. I believe it makes rather heavy reading; but if anybody knew of this paper, and could make a complete collection of the numbers from the beginning, he would possess a most precious record of all that has been attempted, taught, done, and—in condensed form—said on the Labour question for the last ten or twelve

years; for it is now about that time since the *Friend of Labour* began its career.

This afternoon the Editor sat, as usual, in his back office. He had turned his chair to the fire and put his feet on the fender, gazing into the empty fireplace. On the table, among the piles of papers, lay the editorial tools—the paste and the scissors, the writing-pad and the pen, and the tobacco-box. In the Editor's right hand was a long pipe, charged ready for the inspiring touch of flame. But he did not light that pipe; he sat with meditative head; he was dejected; he beat a tattoo upon the arm of his chair with his left hand.

He was a man between fifty and sixty; the lines of his face were fine, though age and perhaps trouble had robbed him of his old comeliness, and brought up the bones and corrugated the forehead. His eyes were deep and clear, set beneath a perplexed and shaggy brow: he looked, as he was, a kindly creature, kindly and thoughtful. This twofold quality permits itself to be read in the face of every

man who possesses it. His hair was an iron-grey, and his beard, which grew behind, not upon, his chin, was white; his hand showed more knuckle than is common among penmen; it looked like a hand which had done rough work. He wore an old blue jacket, a comfortable old jacket convenient for work. He had no waistcoat, and an old leather belt served him instead of braces. His necktie was a running knot, the ends lying loose ready to fly free after the fashion of the old portraits. He had been a sailor, this Editor: it was more than a dozen years since he had changed his profession, but he looked a sailor still.

Outside—it was the less desirable side of the main thoroughfare—the stream of life passed along the broad pavement, always a double current up and down. People stopped to look in the shop windows as they passed, but no one cared to look at the windows of this office, though a copy of the paper was pasted on the glass within for all who chose to read. Nobody turned into the

office to buy a copy; the current number lay piled on the counter; the boy behind the counter sat in his place upon the office-stool, and, with his head reclined on the paper, was fast asleep. The office cat basked and purred in the sunshine of the office window, the blue bottles which belonged to the fried-sausage shop three doors off, and had got to this place by mistake, buzzed about the windows. The place had a peaceful and a retired aspect. A business man would have found the show of trade somewhat slack; a poet would have murmured that here indeed it was always afternoon.

'Boy!' cried the Editor.

The boy made no response. The Editor slowly rose and opened the door.

'Ahoy, there—boy!' he cried.

The boy lifted his head and looked up, sleepily.

'Bring me your book.'

The boy picked up the volume in which, one by one, he entered his sales, and took it into the Editor's room.

'If this barky, my lad, could afford a bo's'n, which it can't, I'd spend a penny on a rope's-end to keep you awake. Hand over. Now then. How many copies did you sell last week?'

'A hundred and twenty-one.'

'Ten and a penny. And your wages are seven-and-six, and the rent of this old shanty is forty pounds a year, and the cost of printing the thing comes to two pound ten a week. If we reckon the keep of the old woman and me, there's another thirty-five shillings a week. Now, my confidential clerk, tell me what is the profit per week to the proprietor of this valuable paper?'

The confidential clerk grinned.

'And you're too proud to scrub the office?'

'I'm a clerk; I'm not a railway porter.'

'Well, I can scrub it for myself. Go back to your seat and resume your penn'orth of "Juniper Jack." I looked at it this morning. The author, my lad, talks about

ships and ships' gear when he has never been at sea. But you don't care, I suppose.'

The boy retired. The Editor sat down again and considered the returns—'A hundred and twenty-one last week, a hundred and twenty the week before—we are going up—but a hundred and twenty-eight the week before that—Humph! And not a sign from anywhere that anyone reads or regards the *Friend of Labour*.'

So he relapsed into meditation, first lighting his pipe. In the front office, because the afternoon was drowsy, and the boy had eaten a sixpenny beefsteak-pudding for dinner, he fell asleep again, his head upon the counter.

Presently there came along a man who stopped, read the weekly bill stuck on the door-post, and then opened the door and looked in. He saw a boy asleep. As the boy did not wake up, the visitor laid his hand gently on the reclining head. The boy started, jumped up, and mechanically handed a copy of the paper.

'Thank you—no—I will perhaps take a copy of the paper presently.' He spoke with a slight foreign accent. 'I want to see Mr. Anthony Hayling, the Editor. Can I see him?'

The boy pointed to the door of the inner office, and then, as the visitor turned in that direction, he laid his head down and fell instantly asleep again. At the opening of the door, the Editor sat up, and looked round sharply. Visitors were rare at the office of the *Friend of Labour*. This visitor stood just within the open door holding the handle. The two men looked at one another curiously.

'I should know your face,' said the Editor. 'I do know it; but I forget where I saw it last. I can't for the moment connect your face with anything.'

'You are grey, Anthony,' the visitor replied. 'When I saw you last—about eighteen or twenty years ago—you were brown. Your shoulders are round; when last we parted they were square. That was at Alexandria. You took me on board at Malaga, and you

put me on shore at Alexandria. Do you remember now?'

'Let me look at you, man. Come to the light—so. I remember your face, and I remember your voice. Man alive!' he cried, holding out his hand: 'you are Emanuel—Emanuel—Emanuel Elveda. Remember you? Remember Emanuel? Shake hands, man: shake hands! I never thought to set eyes on you again. You came out of the darkness: you went back to it. All my other voyages are dreams; but that one—why, man, it lives in my memory—I remember every day of it. Do you remember the nights when you came on deck and beguiled my watch with talk? Heavens! when you were gone, I understood that prophets are sometimes entertained unawares. Sit down, man. Sit down opposite; turn out the papers. So! Sit there and let me look at you.'

Emanuel obeyed. 'I, too, remember, Anthony. You are well, my friend, and happy?'

Just then a loud and strident feminine voice was heard singing, out of tune, an ancient ditty, once popular, an old music-hall song debased from a lovely German air. After a line or two the singer smashed something violently—something made of glass Then she laughed loud and long. 'Anthony! she cried; 'Anthony, you old Methodist! Anthony, you canting old hypocrite, come up here, and I'll smash every bone in your body, like I've smashed this bottle! Come up, I say, come up! You're afraid to come! Yah! You're a coward! Call yourself a man? Come up, I say!'

Sounds followed as of a heavy body lurching and stumbling round a room, upsetting chairs, and knocking over light articles, then a final bump as of a heavy body falling to the ground. The house shook. Silence followed. Mr. Hayling pointed upwards with his pipe. 'Allow me,' he said, gravely smiling, 'to answer your question by an illustration. You hear that gentle voice, that caressing, fondling voice. It is the voice of

my wife. You now understand that I am perfectly happy. Shall I present you to my wife? She goes through three stages every day. For the sake of variety she sometimes rings these changes in the morning; sometimes in the afternoon; sometimes in the evening; but always every day. First she gets drunk, uproariously drunk; at this stage she sings and laughs, and is full of friendship for all the world; she then becomes, suddenly, quarrelsome drunk—quarrelsome; sometimes she puts her head out of window at this stage, and makes the street ring with her threats and her accusations; thirdly, she falls fast asleep and so continues for ten or twelve hours. You see that here are the first conditions of a happy household.'

'Can you do nothing?'

'Nothing; the case is hopeless. Well, I desired at the outset to share the Common Lot, nothing better, and I've got it. One must not complain. Many honest fellows besides me, many better men, have got drunken wives.'

'But they do not choose their wives because they drink.'

'They don't drink, you see, at first. My girl was as innocent of the drink-craving as anyone in the world. She was a factory hand. She couldn't sew, she couldn't cook, she could do nothing. She could hardly read when I married her; but she was no drinker of strong drink. No one knows how ignorant any human creature can be until he marries a factory hand. Then, you see, no one knows what may happen if you go away, and leave such a woman to her own devices. If she is at work all day she is out of mischief. When she is left alone with nothing to think about—well——'

He got up and plunged his hands in his pocket. 'I am quite sure, Emanuel, that there is not one single man or woman in the whole world who is strong enough to be left without some controlling influence. We cannot stand alone. As for this poor woman, who shall blame her? She was left alone. What is there to do but to go on, and to forgive—

to forgive? After all, it is the Common Lot.'

He sat down again. 'But about yourself, Emanuel—explain your appearance. How did you find me out? Whence come you?'

'First, I come from wandering up and down the face of the earth. Next, I have not forgotten you. Your head was full of thoughts twenty years ago.'

'Ay! I was younger then. The wife was sober. I had a boy to think of.'

'Your boy—I met him on Saturday evening—at the house where I am lodging. That is how I found you out. But, Anthony, he is not like his father.'

'No—I hope no more of him—I accept. Again, it is the Common Lot, Emanuel, to hope for the impossible and to accept the inevitable. What, indeed, is one to do unless one does accept? There are now many thousands of lads about—it is the most remarkable sign of the times—who spend their evenings laboriously, resolved to rise. But he belongs to those—they are numbered by tens of thou-

sands—who live for the daily pleasure. My son is a shallow-brain and full of vanity. But, again—it is the Common Lot.'

'You are a great English lord, rich and of great position; you left everything to become a common sailor at first, before the mast. You lived upon your wages. It was wonderful. Well, you married in that class. Your son belongs, then, either to the working people or the noble people. But he has the appearance of a little clerk.'

'Yes, I was weak. I suffered him to go his own way. He is now a clerk at certain chemical works. He calls himself, I believe, a gentleman. He goes to a local Parliament and talks froth and foolishness.'

'But he will be your successor and your heir. Does he know it?'

Mr. Hayling laid his hand upon his friend's arm. 'Emanuel,' he said, 'you are the only person in the world who knows my secret. Keep it. For God's sake keep that secret. Good heavens! if they knew it! If that poor besotted creature lying on the floor upstairs

knew it! If that boy knew it! Think of my wife as the Countess of Hayling! Think of that boy as Lord Selsey, the heir to that big estate. No: if I can help it he shall never know it. He shall never know the profligate life that he would so ardently rush upon if he could. As for the House of Lords, it has survived a good deal, but I doubt if it could survive my son Anthony. Keep my secret, Emanuel.'

'It is forgotten. I remember it no more.'

There was silence for a space.

'We had great talks on that voyage,' Mr. Hayling continued; 'great talks on great things. You were the only man who ever encouraged and strengthened me. Why, I confessed to you as women confess to their priest. Man! you are a Priest—you were a prophet. What have you done with your wisdom? Is any of it put into books?'

Emanuel laughed. 'No; such as it is I have given it here and there—giving and taking—with such as yourself.'

'And nothing written?'

'Why should I write anything? There is knowledge which cannot be put into books. It is handed down like the Unwritten Law, which Moses, you know, gave first to Aaron, and then to Aaron and Aaron's sons; next to Aaron, Aaron's sons, and the seventy elders; lastly to Aaron, Aaron's sons, the seventy elders, and the whole congregation. That is an allegory which shows how wisdom spreads. If I have any wisdom—which I doubt—this has been its use.'

'As for my wisdom, I set it forth every week—that is, I set forth what I find to say—it isn't much—in my little paper. Nobody regards it. Perhaps it isn't worth saying.' They relapsed into silence. It was exactly as if they were still on the deck of the sailing ship, slowly ploughing her way under the clear sky of a summer night before a light breeze, silent, with intervals of speech.

'Emanuel,' said the Editor, following his own thoughts, 'suppose I had the choice again—suppose it was to be done all over again. Even if I knew beforehand that I

should have such a wife and such a son, that I should prove such a failure in trying to make myself heard, I would do it all over again, for I have shared in the Common Lot. This was all I asked: the work and wages of the common man, the hospital when I was sick, the wife and home of the common man, his food and his company, such children as he may have. I have had them all. And, upon my word, my friend, the life has been far—far more worth having than the life I left. I would do it—yes, I would do it—all over again.'

'That is bravely said.'

'As for this paper, who am I that I should set up in the Prophetic line? I ought to have stuck to the sea, but I would be preaching. So I went back to my old lawyers, got a lump of money, and came away. I told them they would never see anything more of me—and they won't. I live and bring out my paper on the interest of the money.'

'What have you been telling the people?'

The Editor took up the current number

that lay on the table. 'I give them all the news that I can find anywhere about work and the conditions of work. As for the preaching . . . I am ashamed, Emanuel, I am ashamed to think what a little thing it is I have to say.'

'What is it?'

'Only the simple things. The copy-book things. The old things of your old Prophets. The very simple copy-book things. What so elementary as the Ten Commandments? Yet —look round you—what is so simple as that one must be honest, that men should combine for other things besides wages, that men should follow righteousness? Yet—consider. That is all I've got to say, Emanuel. And apparently no one listens.'

'Yet—go on preaching.'

'If we would—or could—only go back to some form of the Common Life. Have you considered, Emanuel, how many thousands of hearts are longing for the Common Life again? Well, I preach some kind of Common Life, where all fare and share alike and manhood has a chance of developing. That is what I

mostly preach. Christianity started with the Common Life. Let us try to go back to it.'

'Judaism led up to it.'

'Very likely. Shall we go back to it? Well, here I am, close upon sixty years of age, and all I have learned so far is the simple lesson that the old things are the true things. It is a poor sort of Message on which to found a paper, but, my friend, it is the only message that I have.'

CHAPTER XII

THY NAME IS EVE

'You are a very wonderful man, Emanuel,' said Clara. 'You have travelled everywhere; you know everything; you are a scholar; you are a gentleman; and you live by carving in wood.'

'Why is it wonderful?' Emanuel had brought his table into the garden, and was sitting over his work in the open air. 'What is there so wonderful?'

'You know very well what is wonderful. Wood-carvers are not scholars and gentlemen. Why do you pretend to be a working man?'

'I do not pretend. This is my livelihood. Since I must work in order to live, I do the work which is to me the easiest, the lightest, and the most pleasant. I can take it up when

and where I please; I can find a market in any town: it provides the small amount of money that I want. Why, then, should I not be a working man?'

Nell was giving a lesson. The scholar was beginning: the scales went up and the scales went down.

Clara waited meantime, and conversed with the philosopher over his wood-carving. In these days she visited her cousin a great deal, impelled by cousinly anxiety over the love affair which threatened to produce such very serious consequences. Already she was discovering for herself the great truth found out by so many guardians, friends, cousins, and advisers—the helplessness of reason, argument, and common-sense against the power of love. Yet still she persisted: she would save Nell if she could. Whenever, you see, we wish a girl not to marry a man, we say that we are determined to save her if we can. In this case, the young man was not only shallow and vulgar, poor and of small account—in which

he was not, perhaps, so very much worse than his mistress—but he was a Christian. Nell must be saved, if possible.

'But,' Clara went on, 'your earnings are so small; you make so little money by the work. Why not do something better? Why not teach, or lecture, or write?'

'I make all I want. Why should I change the work if I like it? Here, to be sure, I must work harder than I like, because London is an expensive place. How much money do you think I want in the Desert? There I can wander with my friends and cousins the Arabs without the necessity for work at all. I shall get back to the Desert as soon as my present business is despatched.'

'You have no books, either. Do you never work at anything else?'

'I want no books. I have read all that I desire to read. Now and then—if I am in a town—I want a Laboratory—and I always want a quiet open place, like this Place of Tombs, where one can meditate. Looking across this field of graves one hears nothing of

the piano tinkling in the house or the children playing in the street.'

'But—without money—you are not even a free man. You have to work for other people and to take wages—you are a man of science and you take wages.'

Emanuel laughed gently. 'Let us not confuse things. This kind of work does not mean dependence. I make these wares of mine. Somebody—it matters nothing who—buys them. Suppose he refuses them: another man buys them. He gives a shilling more or less—what does it matter? I owe nothing to my employers; nothing at all; since it is the Law that man must work, why should I repine at having to work? If my employer robs me, he will suffer the penalty of his sin—he and his children—to the third and fourth generation, according to the Law. I leave him to the Law, which is not mocked and must not be broken. This is not dependence. The soul is not enslaved by this kind of work. Believe me, child, not the richest man in the world has greater freedom of soul than I my-

self, though I work at a trade to pay my lodging.'

'But you will some day fall sick. Then if you have no money——'

'There is always a hospital. If there is none—I shall lie under some roof or other and either live or die.'

'It is wonderful. But you will grow old: you will no longer be able to work or to wander about. What will you do then?'

'Again, there are hospitals, almshouses, retreats, refuges, workhouses. I shall creep into one of them, and sit down till the end. But perhaps I shall not live to be old.'

'It is wonderful,' Clara repeated, staring at the man who did not want money. 'Don't you, really and truly, care at all for money? Wouldn't you like to be rich?'

'Since I do very well as I am, why should I want to change?'

'But the rich man has power.'

Emanuel laughed. 'Power! There spoke the Voice of our People. We desire power above all things, partly because power has

been denied us for two thousand years, partly because the desire for power is a national instinct. There is no more masterful race than ours in the whole world, none that is more fond of authority. The heaviest curse that has been laid upon our race is not the Dispersion, nor the loss of Zion, but the deprivation of power. We who were born to rule have been made to obey. We desire power. We seek to recover it in the only way open to us—by means of wealth. But as for me, I do not desire power. I might abuse it if I had it. Power is a very dangerous thing, especially after two thousand years of subjection.'

'But, Emanuel, you know—you are one of Us—you know—it is not only power—or we should stop when we had made money—it is always more money—we talk all the time about money, and think continually about making more and more. When are any of us content with what we have? My father is rich, but he is always in some new scheme for making more money. To be always making

money—it is like breathing with us. You are the only man I have ever met who does not want money. Oh! and not our People alone. The Christians are the same. Even at Cambridge I found the young Dons all wanting to make money—more money—always more money. All over the world it is the same. Always more money. Only that our People are clever, and actually succeed in doing what the rest are trying to do. Not to want money? It is a reproach, Emanuel, thrown at your own People.'

'But I blame no one, Clara. I remember that for many centuries we were forbidden to follow any other occupation. For my own part, I was born with other traditions, for I am of that stock which kept alive the light of science in the early ages. My fathers were physicians, mathematicians, astronomers. When the Jews were expelled they remained; they conformed outwardly. In secret they remained Jews——'

'Why, that is like Francesca, only her people were Moors.'

'There were no Moors who retained their ancient faith. My People became statesmen, generals, bishops even, and priests and monks. One of my House—it was three hundred years ago—a learned Benedictine but a secret Jew, when he lay a-dying sent for a Bishop of great piety in order to receive Extreme Unction, as his brethren thought. When the Bishop entered, the dying monk sat up in his bed. "Hear, O Israel," he began feebly, repeating the last confession of a Jew at the point of death. "The Lord my God is one God," continued the Bishop, finishing the confession for him, for the Bishop, too, was in secret a Jew. The family history, perhaps, has taught me to think less of money than most of my brethren.'

'This is just like Francesca's history. Pray go on, Emanuel. I knew that you could not be a common man.'

'No man is common, child. As for me, I have contracted the habit of wandering. I must wander. I must be alone—in the Desert, among the mountains—to meditate. Here in the West no one meditates—they talk. If a

man ever, by accident, finds himself alone, he reads—he reads articles in magazines. Reading destroys the power of meditation. That is why there is so little wisdom in the West. Since Carlyle died, the only wise men of the West are two or three men of science. Now, in the East there is always the Solitary who meditates. Alexander passed him on the road to India. The red-coats pass him on their way to and fro. Civilisation and conquerors pass him by, the world goes on, but the Solitary who meditates sits always by the road-side.' He looked across the cemetery with far-off gaze, as if he, too, would shortly become that Solitary. 'Believe me, child, there are those who find no other joy in life but to be still and to meditate. What fills the Christian convents? Only the desire to save their souls? Nay! but their Church professes to do this for them in the world. It is the desire for the quiet life—the instinct to sit apart and to meditate—that possesses some souls.'

'Do you wish girls to meditate? On what

should we meditate?' These questions seem to demand a certain adjective—the word 'pert' occurs to me—but Clara put the questions in all seriousness. The serious, even solemn, words and look of the man impressed her.

'You are a woman—women never meditate. Wisdom comes not to them by meditation. They observe; they receive; they remember.'

'Then I am glad that I am a woman. But tell me more about yourself, Emanuel. While you are talking I have always a sense of having seen you before. Where?'

'Perhaps in your last existence. Our souls pass from life to life.'

'It is your voice, your face—well, tell me more about yourself—if you will, that is. If you do not wish to tell me anything, forgive a girl's idle curiosity. Why are you not living with your equals? Because you are not a working man, whatever you may pretend. You have belonged to society at some time or other. Yesterday you spoke of Art, and I

perceived that you know the language of Art —the language of the studios.'

'When I was young I knew many artists in Paris and frequented their studios. So I learned their language. At that time I took up the graving-tools and acquired my present trade.'

'Oh! You have lived among the artists of Paris?'

'You question me, child, as if I were concealing something. Very well. There is nothing to conceal. I will tell you anything you want to know. Yes; I was born in Paris. We were Spanish nobles, and, as I told you, Jews in secret. When the Revolution came, and the accursed Inquisition disappeared, we went back to our own People, and my grandfather laid down his titles. We left Spain with the French. My father was a physician in Paris. I studied science, and presently went to Germany to work under Liebig. In those days I looked forward cheerfully to spending my life in a laboratory. Then I returned to Paris.' He paused.

'And then?'

'I married.' He paused again. 'This marriage of mine—an unfortunate marriage—was the reason why I gave up my career and went away into the wilderness, where I have remained ever since. I like the wilderness—and the people who live in it. I shall go back to them before long. They are rude people, yet you would be astonished to find how little difference there is between yourself and your sister of the black tent. She only knows her tent, the Desert, and the stars—and the will of her husband. What do you know that is better worth knowing? Take away her children and husband and she dies of grief, like you. Give her love and kindness and she is happy—like you.'

'But you did not leave your wife, Emanuel, to die of grief?' Eve in her curiosity persisted while there was still a point left to clear.

'No. She drove me away because she made life impossible. For she became a rebel against the Law of God, which is the Law of

Nature. She would command who was made to obey, and as she was stubborn we parted by mutual consent, and I left her and went away.'

Clara gazed into his face in silence, as one who hears a strange thing and finds it familiar, and wonders where she heard it last. Then she started up and clapped her hands. 'Oh!' she cried, 'I know now—oh, I know now—who you are! Yes, yes, now I understand. Why, I saw the likeness from the very first, and was so stupid as not to see it. Why, Emanuel, you are none other than Emanuel Elveda himself. Why—yes—now I understand it all. You went away because your wife would not obey. Your name is Emanuel Elveda, and your wife's name was Isabel. Oh! what will they say? What will they say? For they think that you are dead.'

'Certainly. I am Emanuel Elveda. Why not? You speak as if you knew the woman who was my wife?'

'Yes—I know her. Have you not heard what she has done?—how she rebels openly

and continually and publicly against the submission of women?'

'I know nothing about her. I am dead to her. She is dead to me. We ask not what the dead are doing. Do not speak to me of her.'

'As you please — yet — but — as you please.'

She wondered why he did not inquire after his daughter. Was Francesca, too, dead to him? 'Why,' she asked, 'did you call yourself Ellis? Why not Elveda at once?'

There were two questions in her mind. One was, 'Why do you not ask after your child?'—a very important question—and the other was the comparatively unimportant one about his name. Fortunately or unfortunately, she put the latter.

'I do not know. Your father suggested that it would be more convenient. It mattered nothing to me.'

Now, the daughter of Mr. Aldebert Angelo was accustomed to understand that her father

was a prudent—that is, a far-seeing—man, who never acted without a motive, and that with him motive was hope of gain. She was dutiful by nature and by character; she would not knowingly interfere in her father's plans without being invited to do so. She remembered the interest he showed in the Elveda household. This interest, for some reason or other, included the missing husband. She, therefore, concluded that it would be better for the present not to ask too much or to tell anything.

'It is wonderful,' she said, 'to think that you could give up all this—the great fortune, the position, the opportunities, the command of everything—and go right clean away with empty pockets all for a whim, for nothing in the world but a whim and a fad! Why, in a month you would have heard no more about the equality, and then—we should have seen very different things. Do you know how rich your wife is?'

'Have I not told you that I want no money?'

'Is there,' Clara asked of the Place of Tombs, 'another man in all the world—living or dead—who would give up millions of money—all for the fancy and the whim of a woman who wanted nothing but a little humouring? Emanuel, for a wise man, you have been a terrible donkey. Why, you should have given her what she wanted—the show of equality. Then you would have heard no more, because, I suppose, there never was yet a married pair who lived on terms of equality. One of them must obey. If she loved you she would have obeyed—little by little. Love would have compelled her to submit. Oh! I know what I say. We used to talk foolishness at Newnham about the submission of women, and I used to tell them of our Law, to make them feel their foolishness. Oh! you should have laughed and driven her with a silken rein.'

'So you think. But then, you neither knew her as she was, or me as I am.'

'Well, but if you left your wife, why did you leave your work? Why go away? At

all events, you might have gone on as before your marriage.'

'I could not remain anywhere near my wife. Child!'—his voice changed, he spoke with passion—'who are you that you should understand these things? What can you know? Why, if I had remained within a hundred miles of her—if I had stayed in any place where they talked of her—ropes, day and night, were drawing and dragging me back to her—her voice, day and night, was calling me—in dreams, day and night, I saw her—Love, day and night, was calling me, urging me, imploring me—to return to the woman I loved—what should you know of love? A girl knows nothing—oh, the strength—the power—sometimes I feel it still. How should you understand the temptation? How can a maiden who has never yet been loved understand her power of attraction?'

'Well, then—I suppose I cannot understand that any woman can be worth such a fuss—but you should have listened to the voice. You a wise man? Where was your

wisdom? I suppose if you had been Solomon himself you would have laid down your golden crown and wandered out alone among the Arabs. And oh! you, with your cleverness—with the world at your feet—to kick everything away because your wife was silly and whimsical! As if all women were not whimsical about something or other if they are allowed to be! And your wife was a rich girl who had had her own way, I suppose, always? You a wise man? Is this all your wisdom—not even to know that women are so made?'

Emanuel bowed his head gravely. 'It is foolishness to you, but to me it was not foolishness. I live by the Law—in small things and in great. To me it is not a small thing that my wife should resolve to break the Law—the Law of Nature and the Law of the Living God.'

'You take everything so seriously. You ought to be a Rabbi as well as a chemist and a wood-carver.'

'Those things,' he replied, very seriously

indeed, 'are especially the realities of life which touch the children and the grandchildren and the generations to come. Nature is hard, as the physicists say. The Law of the Lord, we say, must not be broken. The most real thing in all the world is the marriage bond, because it means the parentage of children and the future of humanity. Better to part at once than to live against the Law. Better be childless than bring up children to see the Law daily trampled upon. Should I yield to the stubborn woman? No. Should I call her stubbornness a fancy and a whim? No. But I could leave her to her folly, and so an end.'

'Would you go back to her if——'

'I will never go back to her; she must come to me submissive. Enough of my wife! Remember, child, the place of the woman. It is after that of the man. There is no degradation in taking the place which you are assigned. To woman belong the things that we call after her name—womanly. Let her administrate, distribute, reward, honour,

and encourage, while the man works and pours into her lap all he makes, creates, and reaps. Enough!' He sat down, bowed his head over his work again, took up his graver, and was silent.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH IT

Clara carried home this romantic secret without imparting it to her cousin, who was not, indeed, in a state of mind favourable for the reception of any secret. The greatest secret of the whole world—even the secret of life—would fall flat on the ears of a girl sick with love suppressed. She carried it home uncertain what to do with it. She had found Francesca's father! She had found the man whose portrait Francesca kept continually before her, wreathed like the Icon of a Saint with flowers ever fresh! Francesca's father, who was dead, had returned to life! Should she tell her? And how should she tell her? But it was her father's secret. He knew it. It was his secret. She must tell him

what she had discovered. And she could do nothing in the matter except with his knowledge and consent.

At dinner that same evening she began to talk of her cousin's lodger.

'Yes,' said her father. 'He's a superior kind of man. And his work is good. There's the right feeling in it. In twenty years' time it will have a name, and will be worth money.'

'He is a man of education,' said Clara, reddening.

'Oh! you think so, do you?' Mr. Angelo glanced sharply at his daughter. 'You've been talking to him, I suppose. Well, he is a man of education—more than most. And what are you colouring up for, Clara?'

'Well, father, if you take up a man on the mere strength of an introduction from Hamburg and place him in lodgings with my cousin Nell, who never had a lodger before and doesn't want one, it's very clear that you had some reason, and I hope you won't think

I am spying and prying into your reason for anything ——'

'I don't think any such thing, my dear. It would be a poor look-out for both of us if I did think so. But go on.'

'Well, father. Suppose this man told me certain things—suppose I was to find out certain things ——'

'Then, my dear, you would hold your tongue about those things.'

'How am I to distinguish the things that I must keep to myself from the things I may talk about?'

'My dear, do you know the story of the man who saw the Devil? "How did you know," some one asked him, "that it was the Devil?" And he said, "My friend, when you do see the Devil, you'll know fast enough that it is the Devil." So I say, when you do find out those things, you will know fast enough that you mustn't talk about them.'

'Well, father' — after receiving this Oriental apologue—'the fact is, I have found certain things, and as I don't quite know what

you would like me to do, I've said nothing. Perhaps I had better tell you at once.'

'That is the very best thing you can do.'

'This Mr. Ellis attracted me from the beginning. I seemed to know his face and his voice; then his manners were so beautiful —not only the gentle, courteous manner which we sometimes find among our own People, even the poorest, but he has manners and the bearing of a gentleman. He belongs to gentlefolk—you can see that at once.'

'Go on, Clara.'

'That made me curious. I began to suspect that he was a Russian Jew, compromised, perhaps, in some Nihilist plot or something of the kind. So I talked more to him, and I found out all kinds of interesting things about him. He knows science, art, literature, music —everything. He talks I don't know how many languages; he has travelled everywhere; he is a chemist, and—most wonderful of all—he doesn't want money.'

'Doesn't want money? Well, my dear, these clever men have all got a craze some-

where. Doesn't want money? Lucky we are not all clever men. Go on, Clara. Dear me! Doesn't want money!'

'This very afternoon he told me why he gave up his old life and became a wanderer and a working man. He told me without any concealment. He was just married to a rich wife, and she was an obstinate person who preached nonsense about woman's submission, and refused to obey her husband; so he walked out of the house, which I suppose was hers, and left her never to return. He gave up everything—the great fortune, and the position, and everything—all because his wife was possessed by a fad. Now, directly he told me this I understood everything: the likeness that haunted me, the voice that I seemed to know, the eyes that were familiar. Why, father, they were Francesca's eyes, and it was her voice and it was her face—the face is the same as that of Francesca's miniature! So I started up, and I cried: "You are Emanuel Elveda!"'

'And he owned up, did he?'

'Yes. He said there was no concealment necessary—that he had nothing to hide. He has come over on some business. This done, he will go away again. Now, father, what am I to do? Shall I tell Francesca?'

'Not yet.'

'What shall I do?'

'Tell nobody at present. Go and see him as often as you please. I think he is a soft-hearted creature—else he would want money—and perhaps your conversation may keep him in the country a little longer——'

'If I knew what you wanted to do—— There is always the chance of making some mess of things. Of course, if it's business——'

The details of business are in certain households considered taboo. This prevents a good deal of awkwardness, especially where things are bought for little and sold for much, or where things are bought and sold under assurances that go very near the wind indeed. The practice saves explanations, and enables the ladies of the family to hold up

their heads and to feel a glow when they send subscriptions to charitable objects.

'Why shouldn't you know, Clara?' her father replied. 'You are not a chatterer. Besides, it's not likely that the business, whatever happens, will turn out to be any good to ourselves. The man is Madame Elveda's husband. Of course you know that the Spanish Moor story is rubbish; both she and her husband are, like ourselves, Spanish Jews; and, as for Madame, I will tell you now that she is neither more nor less than your own cousin. Yes; you needn't look surprised; your own cousin. She was Isabel Albu, granddaughter of Albu, the contractor, who made an immense fortune out of the English in the Peninsular War. Your own cousin, Clara. I called upon her the other day, and reminded her of the fact. Francesca is your own cousin, too. Very well, then. The girl is heiress to a million and a half, at least. A million and a half or two millions. That's a pretty tidy little fortune, isn't it? The mother can leave it as she

pleases; but, of course, she will give it all to her daughter. A very nice little fortune to be in a family, isn't it? Why, only at three per cent. it's forty-five thousand a year. If I had it, I would make it fifteen per cent. and two hundred thousand a year. My word, Clara, think of that! Well, the long and short is, that we ought to keep this great fortune in the family if possible.'

'How can we?'

'Now, you understand why I wanted you to be friendly with the girl. What do you think, Clara, of reconciling husband and wife? Eh? Of bringing the wife and her daughter back to their own People? Eh? Isn't that worth trying? Then the girl will have to marry one of our own People, eh? I only wish you were a boy, Clara.'

'Well, father, if you try to move the husband, you will be just trying to move a rock. That is quite certain. Stubborn? He is as immovable as the Law itself. And if you can imagine Madame going back to her husband — Madame Elveda, all pride and

dignity and stateliness, going back in humility and submission—well, I can't. That's all.'

'Very well. I've told you everything. Perhaps you will devise some way. Think it over, Clara.'

Next morning, at breakfast, Clara resumed the subject. 'I've been thinking all night,' she said, 'about Emanuel Elveda.'

'Well?'

'You want this man to be reconciled to his wife, and to exercise the influence of a husband over her; and you want somehow to keep this great fortune in our own family?'

'Exactly.'

'If Francesca were to marry a Christian it would be lost to us.'

'It certainly would.'

'Well, she has had one offer—lots of offers, but only one to speak of—from a very desirable person indeed, who will very likely be an earl. She refused him because she says, like her mother, that she will not be submissive to any man. But she loves him

all the same; remember that. I know she loves him. She doesn't say much, because she would never confess such a thing even to me. She thinks about him continually, and I should never be surprised to hear that she had changed her mind and accepted him. Still, so far, she has refused him.'

'So far, good.'

'The more I think about it, the more I am persuaded that any attempt to bend the proud will of Madame Elveda, or her husband, would be utterly useless. If they were common persons, who had merely quarrelled and reviled each other, it would be different. But they are not; they are very responsible persons, and they respect each other too much, and they respect themselves too much, for any reviling. Would it be possible for Madame Elveda, the leader of the women, to confess that her whole career has been based upon a mischievous mistake? She never could—never—never—never.'

'Well, what would you do? You talk as if you had got a plan.'

'If the case of the wife is hopeless, it is still worse with the husband, who is so stiff for his religion and the Law. But can we try something with Francesca herself? Now think, father. Emanuel Elveda does not know that he has a daughter. Francesca does not know that she has a father living. Suppose I can bring them to each other without telling them what we know? Francesca will be attracted by the man from the very beginning. Oh! I am sure of it. His eyes, that rest on one, and seem to read your thoughts; his face, which might be the face of the Prophet Elisha himself; his voice —his manner—will strike straight into Francesca's imagination. She will respect him; she will soon reverence him; she will be prepared to learn that he is her father, and that once learned, she will obey him in everything.'

'Well, my dear'—Mr. Angelo was not sufficiently versed in the feminine mind to comprehend the subtlety—'it seems to be beating about the bush. For my own part,

I should have driven the girl over there in a hansom cab, and I should just have said, "Francesca, here's your Pa," or words to that effect. But perhaps you're right. Or I should have asked them both to luncheon or dinner—say, at the St. James's—in a private room, and introduced them over a bottle of champagne. I should have said—"Emanuel, this is your only daughter; give her a kiss," or words to that effect.'

Clara laughed merrily. 'Oh! Emanuel—and Francesca—at the St. James's—over a bottle of champagne! It's too delicious to think of it. No, father, you can take a common, plain girl like me to a restaurant and you can give me champagne. I like it. But Francesca and Emanuel! Oh!' She laughed again. 'No, my plan is better.'

'Clara, my dear,' said her father, admiringly. 'I regret less and less every day the money I laid out upon your education. It isn't only the books and things you've learned. It's the knowledge of the world, and society, and young ladies. Now, do you know, my

dear, I confess that I should have stuck to the idea of St. James's and the little lunch. But if you pull this thing through and save the money for the family, I shall say—I shall say, Clara—that you ought to have been a boy. And I don't think you can pay any girl any greater compliment.'

CHAPTER XIV

AN EXPLANATION

'You are displeased with me, mother. I have seen it for a long time.'

'No, Francesca.' The elder lady laid down her pen and turned her chair. 'Sit down and let us talk. I am not displeased. I have no right to be displeased with anything you do. You are free to work out your own career. I am only disappointed. I think I have the right, my child, to feel some disappointment.'

'Yes—oh! — yes — and yet ——' She paused, standing with joined hands, like a little girl trying to find an excuse.

There comes a time in every case of trouble when an Explanation is necessary. First, the little rift—the consciousness on one side of

having given cause for offence, and on the other side of being offended—then the silence, with tacit consent, on the subject: then the awkward subject which must be avoided. then the widening of the rift: then the constraint: then the sickness, decay, and death of love, unless the Explanation steps in, like a Physician, to heal and restore. And perhaps, though the little rift be mended, there remains for ever the memory with the scar. In certain circles the Explanation is called a Speaking up or out. 'I must Speak up, and I will,' says the girl to her lover. 'Don't go to think I am one to be trodden on; I shall Speak up.' Or one says to her friend after the row: 'I had to Speak out, and I did, once for all. Now he knows; and if he never comes near me again, so much the better.' The Explanation in such a case is generally a surgeon, who finally cuts the pair in two, so that they may go different ways hereafter and scowl when they meet. The time, you see, was arrived for one or other of these two ladies to have an Explanation.

'Sit down, dear,' said Madame Elveda, 'and let us talk a little.' Francesca, however, remained standing. 'See!' she continued, looking round her table, which was groaning under the weight of letters, pamphlets, reports, and papers. 'The work to which I set my hand twenty years ago has grown, as you see and know. I came here because London is the true centre of all such work as mine. I published my book, I took this house, I opened it freely to all who were working for the same end—the elevation and the emancipation of women. All those who work for women, whether I approve their methods or not, come here—this is their house, I am their Leader. One moment, Francesca, and you shall have your say. I repeat that I am the Leader: I have gathered all the strings into my own hands. No woman has ever before occupied such a position as I now hold. I am the Leader. Is this true, Francesca?'

'Of course it is quite true.'

'It is also true, is it not, that I have done my best to fill you with the doctrines that I

preach and profess? And you have known ever since you could understand anything what I hoped of you when you should arrive at womanhood?'

'Yes—I have always known that.'

'Francesca—I ask—have I not the right to be disappointed?'

'My dear mother, what can I say? It is all quite true. And yet ——'

'At our meetings you either sit silent, *distraite*, inattentive; or you look impatient—no girl's face ever betrayed her emotions as yours does. You never talk about the work; you show no kind of interest in it. Yet it is the work of my life—I have lived for no other object—except it be that of bringing you up to succeed me and to carry it on.'

'I am a degenerate daughter, indeed.'

'What has come between us, child? Until quite lately—until a few weeks ago—you were still eager and interested. Has anything happened?'

'Yes, a great deal has happened, and all in the last week or two. I seem to have

awakened. Everything looks different. It began with that business of Harold and his—you know—she blushed and looked guilty. 'He asked me if I would marry him. Well, I gave him an answer—such an answer as you approved. You expected that answer of me, did you not? Well, I gave it. Mother, you have constantly assured me that I am free, but I have only been free since I gave that answer to Harold. I gave it dutifully, and because I believed that what you wished must be right.'

'Well, child, and is it not right?'

'I do not know. Since then I have been considering the subject as a free woman, not as your daughter. Can you blame me for using my freedom? In obedience to you I sent away my lover. There is, therefore, no more love for me in the world. Perhaps that is as well. I do not say that it is not as well. It would be quite impossible for me to become the dutiful wife of any other man. But remember, I have given up love in obedience to you, and without considering the

matter at all. That done, I began to look into things for myself.'

'You will never regret that answer, Francesca.'

'You think not? But it was the question, not the answer, that I had to consider. What did that mean? After Harold went away I began to reflect for the first time what Love might mean—applied to myself, mind—not to an abstract unconditioned person—to myself.'

'Well?'

Madame Elveda looked up sharply.

'I see myself,' said the girl, lifting her head and looking into space, 'standing beside him—beside the real man, you know—that is the first thing in Love: you get at the real creature whom nobody knows but yourself—without any uniforms and liveries and trappings and titles—the real man as he really is. I say, I see myself standing beside him and close to him, so that I understand for the first time how great and noble he really is—while I myself am so small and so weak. I see that I can love him chiefly because he is so great

and so strong. I tremble because I am so weak and so small. How can he love me? Oh! mother, how could such a girl as I feel anything but little and feeble in the presence of such a man? Yet it does not humiliate me that he is my superior. The greater he became the more I should love him. Can any woman love a man unless she respects him? Can she respect him unless he is greater than herself? Can she marry him unless she loves him? And after she has married such a man —whom she respects so much—how can she ever venture to call herself his equal?'

'Humph! But the man is said to worship the woman. Would not your lover be thinking much the same of you?'

'He could not, unless he foolishly mistook the worth of her dress and her jewels for the worth of the woman herself. Well, mother, these thoughts have filled my mind ever since that morning. Before that I never considered what Love might mean, nor how Love might break down all your arguments.'

'I hope, then, that you will speedily desist from the consideration of so dangerous a subject.'

Francesca shook her head. 'I think not,' she replied gravely. 'Since most women marry, it is at least an important subject.'

'Think, then, that man and woman, equal by nature, may possess qualities which differ and yet supplement each other. But we only claim for woman a recognised equality: an equal share in the management of the world as well as of the house. The greatest fool in the world has in the eyes of the law civic rights equal to those of the wisest man. Assure her legal equality to woman—she will herself take care of the rest.'

Francesca shook her head.

'If the man is stronger and the woman loves him, he will prevail.'

'You need not consider Love at all, Francesca—unless ——'

'There is no unless, mother. My Love chapter is closed. Since I cannot accept Harold's courtship, I can think of no other

man. That is why I am free to tell you what I have discovered—what Love would most certainly mean to me.'

Her mother groaned.

'You have got all this out of Harold's proposal? Oh! What fools women are! How can we make them stand up for themselves?'

'Well, mother, that is my case—I am of the fools. But, of course, there may be marriages where people don't love each other. Then it would be easy for each to go his own way. Neither would care.'

'Good heavens!' cried Madame Elveda. 'Had I known what mischief that young man was going to do, he should never have entered this house.'

'But—my dearest mother—women, you say, must be the equals of men, otherwise—otherwise—well—but—given the case of a woman who loves a man greatly her superior. Equality in that case is impossible, and submission is a joy. Will you grant the possibility of such a case?'

'When the woman is a fool—yes.'

'Let me go on confessing, mother. Since I have been thinking of these things I have begun to feel a kind of repugnance to the whole question. You say that I have sat inattentive at your meetings. It is because the subject seems altogether altered. The speeches of your friends have become a flow of meaningless words—words—words that I know by heart—words that have no meaning. It is like a nightmare to listen to words that have no meaning. There is a voice within me that keeps on asking the same question, "If women are the equals of men, why don't they prove it?" They are, you see, as well educated: they would become leaders in everything if they were man's equals. Yet all the leaders in everything are men—always men. And if we score a little triumph of a degree at Cambridge, we rejoice as much as if Huxley were a woman or Darwin were in petticoats. Why don't women prove their equality? And why, when a woman loves a man, does she cheerfully become his ser-

vant? Why do not women who love their husbands assert their equality?'

Madame Elveda listened with ominous gloom. 'You are free,' she said, 'to develop any line of thought you please, or to take up any line of action. If you resolve upon devoting yourself to the destruction of your mother's lifelong work, you can do so. I will not try to prevent you.'

'Indeed, mother, I could never—oh! it is cruel to think that I could attack your work.'

'My dear, if you are not with me you are against me. My daughter—mine—cannot be neutral.'

'Then what am I to do? Shall I pretend?'

'No. But think seriously about the questions—the great questions—at issue. Put aside this nonsense about Love, which is only an incident—an illusion—a pleasant, short-lived dream. Suppose you have had it; let it pass. Consider the great question of

woman's condition. Perhaps you might with advantage read my book again.'

'I know it by heart—except the figures; the degradation of women, their hard lot, their miserable wages. I know it all.'

'And yet you cannot work for them. Is your heart of stone, Francesca?'

'Indeed, it may be, for all I know. Perhaps it is.'

'If I have failed to convince my own daughter I have failed indeed.'

'How shall I explain, mother? You have convinced me that there are very great injustices. When we discussed the position and condition of women at Newnham I used to employ your facts and your arguments. I had the greatest success with them. They convinced everybody; but, somehow, they moved nobody. How is it that arguments never move anybody? The poets and the novelists move the world—logic never moves. We all agreed that we were the equals of man: we would never, never show submission to any man. And now I hear that they are

all marrying in the usual way without any more heroics about submission.'

'That means that under existing social arrangements they can only obtain a certain amount of personal freedom by accepting the authority of a husband.'

'I read once of a parson who preached himself into infidelity. Sometimes I think that this is my case. My arguments no longer persuade me—they are sounds and words carrying no sense. Woman is man's equal. Oh! you have proved it in your book and in your articles and pamphlets. All the women in the world except one or two take the lower place without revolt or murmur—they have never in any single line of intellectual work proved themselves his equal—and they only love a man when they feel him to be greater and stronger than themselves. All that proves nothing. And yet—I say these things, mother, because they explain my present condition. Perhaps it is a passing cloud.'

'Let us pass by the married women

Consider only the women who work. The field is large enough.'

'The simple condition of women who have to work. Well, mother, my case as regards these people is even worse. When I read about women oppressed and starved—whether in London, or Paris, or Berlin—it is no more to me than if I were reading of women in China. They are just as far off and just as unreal. I have got no heart, I believe.'

'But this is not natural, Francesca. Why should they be unreal?'

'Mother, is it not a natural result—if you come to think of it—of the life we have led? What have I got to do with the world, who have been brought up outside the world? Oh, I do not doubt but you acted for the best, and when you parted with your husband you left his People, and, I suppose, your own. Consider. I am the only girl in the whole world, I think, who has no cousins'—here her mother changed colour—'no brothers, sisters, relations of any kind, no family ties, no memories, no religion, no home, no country

even—nothing at all to connect me with the world except the things of birth and growth and decay, not even a playfellow or a schoolfellow. When I went to Newnham it was a new experience for me to find girls whose minds—and hearts—were full of other people. It made me envious sometimes, wretched sometimes, to feel myself so lonely. Why, I remember one girl, for instance, she was the daughter of a country vicar; she knew every soul in her native village; she taught the children, nursed the sick, made clothes for the babies, played the organ in the church; she had half-a-dozen brothers and sisters; one brother whom she loved the most was a prodigal; one sister was married and full of anxiety about her children. All this little world was her own; she knew how everybody in it felt; she felt with them; she was never alone; her own self seemed lost. Through them her sympathies went out here and there in long reaches. To me, what are these people? Shadows—shadows. I cannot feel for them—I have no heart. Now this

girl was the servant of all these people—their submissive servant—because she loved them all. She is now engaged, and I am quite certain that she will never ask herself whether she is the equal of her lover or not.'

'You make me more unhappy, child, than I can say.'

'I am very sorry. But I have nearly finished. In my present frame of mind you see that I cannot possibly help you in your work. I am quite out of harmony with it. I understand—just through considering how it might have been had I allowed myself to love Harold—that the submissive wife may be, after all, the happiest—I suspect that women are not the intellectual equals of men, any more than they are his physical equals. In short, I am in a state of doubt and confusion. Whether it will last or not, I do not know. They say that in religion people sometimes pass through phases of doubt and come out only the stronger. Perhaps I may do the same thing.'

'Perhaps, if you do not mix up imaginary

love and nonsense. What do you propose, however? Will you face these foolish doubts, child, and knock them over? Believe me, they are but bogies—not real objections.'

'I would rather imitate Jephthah's daughter and mourn my loveless fate upon the mountains—perhaps, in the long run, she overcame her doubts and acknowledged her father's wisdom. I should like to sit in my own room—which would stand for mountains—secluded from a world which I do not know, and, while I was considering these doubts, cultivate Art with such girls as I could get to sit with me.'

'Would a life of Art satisfy your soul? My dear, I offer you a life of Action.'

'I do not know what would satisfy my soul. In imagination I see a submissive wife, who tells me she is happiest. Perhaps, mother, we might go back to our old life, and wander about from hotel to hotel, and watch through the windows the Passing Show.'

'Oh, Francesca!' Her mother took her hands, but the girl drew back.

'There is another thing, however. It has been suggested to me—I don't know whether it will be of any use—I have very little faith in it—still, if you like, I will try it—seeing that I am so out of harmony with your work, it would be better for you—and for both of us—if I left you for awhile. I am told that it is not good for me to brood and worry about difficulties in my own room. To be sure, I am more used to be alone than most girls. And a plan has been suggested—if it meets with your approval.'

'You have your freedom, Francesca. Since you came of age you have your own banking account. There is no question of my consent.'

'That is a *façon de parler*, mother. You know that I could not undertake any serious step without your consent, and this is a very serious step. It is nothing less than a complete change of all my surroundings: I am to leave this house and go to live in small lodgings in a quarter filled with working people, and see the working world—talk to it face to face—the working world, of which I

have heard so much and seen so little. Perhaps in this way I shall return to sympathy with your work. I do not know—the thing may fail. I am not hopeful. I am not going with any charitable purpose. The pity and the love for these sisters of mine which my hard heart cannot feel may come to me when I understand that they are truly my sisters—if I can once understand such a thing. Perhaps, when I get—if ever I can get—a heart of my own, I shall be able to understand and to move the hearts of others.'

Afterwards Francesca reproached herself for these words. What had her mother done except to write papers and books and articles?

'Indeed, Francesca,' said her mother coldly, 'after this extraordinary revelation—though I cannot understand it at all—some such step is clearly desirable. A complete change of scene and companions is perhaps necessary. Only, be careful of your companions. I consent, since you wish for my consent; and I approve, since you wish for my approval.'

'I am going to lodge in the house of a young woman who teaches music. She will go about with me. The thing has been arranged by a cousin of hers. She is quite respectable, belonging to the class of women who work. Well, mother, if this fails, I suppose everything will fail. You must give me up, and I will sit down for the rest of my life and look out of window at the Passing Show.'

You understand at whose suggestion and persuasion this notable enterprise was set afoot. Clara lost no time in carrying out her idea; she would make Francesca known to her own father. There was the danger of one or the other finding out the name common to both, but it was Emanuel's humour to call everybody by what we others call their Christian name, and neither Francesca nor he himself was of a curious mind. Sooner or later the thing would certainly be discovered. Francesca might discover it: her father might discover it. She herself might reveal the secret.

She went straight to the point. 'You are getting too full of fancies, Francesca,' she said.

'You want a change of scene and thoughts and company. Let me prescribe for you.'

'Your prescription would be Brighton or Eastbourne, Clara. Another hotel. No, thank you.'

'My prescription is going to be a very different thing. I shall take you, to begin with, out of this atmosphere of jasmine and lily. You shall go with me where you will get nothing but plain fresh air—as fresh as they can get, that is. You are unhappy with your mother because you are full of doubts and questions. You are no longer in harmony with her ideas, and you are not clear about your own. See, now, what I will do for you. I have a cousin of whom I have told you, my cousin Nell. Well, Nelly is a teacher of music; she teaches the banjo and the piano and the concertina. She lives in a house of her own. Her father, who is on the Turf, sometimes pays the rent and sometimes forgets it, and Nell keeps herself by her lessons. I have spoken to her about you. She will let you have a bedroom and a share of the

sitting-room whenever there are no pupils. And she will take you about and show you the working world—the real workers, not the working world of statistics—so many thousands of women working for so little a day, so many millions of submissive wives—but the world as it is. Then, perhaps, you will understand something. You shall see the cut-throat competition, after which you will not talk so glibly—not that you ever do—about sweaters. Oh, you don't know how hard it is to get work, to sell work, to pay your way at all; nor how many there are who are never able to climb up out of the dreadful ruck. And you will understand, when you see the misery, how strong must be the resolution to get out of it, and how brave and patient and clever must be the man who does succeed. And, if you look about, you will discover who are the men that succeed. They are of our People, Francesca—that is, of my People. They are the Jews who have these qualities and are so brave and patient. Down below —I have seen it—there is trample, trample,

trample for the weak; and there is fighting, fighting, and fighting all the time for the strong.'

'You tempt me, Clara. But what will my mother say?'

'Your mother is always saying that you are free. However, consult her. I want to show you what the world is, Francesca. The women have got to take their share, mind you, in the real world, without stopping to consider whether they are the equals of the men or not. There is no time for idle speculation. Oh! my dear Francesca—in this house can one say it? Can one whisper it? There isn't an atom of reality in all the advanced women put together, because ninety women out of every hundred in the world belong to the place where they trample and they fight, and they've just got to do what they can and make the best of the conditions.'

Francesca sighed. 'You only make matters worse,' she said. 'The Passing Show was a pretty play. Yours is a bloodthirsty fight.'

'Come down and see. There is a man

down there who will talk to you—such a wise man, Fanchon: a kind of Prophet—who wanders about the world and makes his observations. You shall be made quite comfortable. I will go over to see you as often as I can, but you will be better without me, alone with Nelly and Emanuel—the Prophet, you know—Emanuel, the Prophet. Think it over, Francesca, and come out of this place, which is a prison, barred, though gilded and scented. With Nelly, at least, you will not be able to ring a bell if you want anything. I do believe, Francesca, if you stay with her a month, you will learn to make the puddings, and you will not even desire to return to your Magic Knob.'

'The child is packing up things,' said Melkah, the old woman, to her mistress. 'What is she doing that for?'

'She is leaving us for a week or two, Melkah. She is going to stay with friends for awhile.'

'It is not well with her. She sits without

speaking or moving. She never sings nor smiles. Marry her—marry her. Let her marry the man who loves her. Else her fancies will turn to visions, and her visions will abide with her, and she will be like unto one who is stricken by the stars.'

CHAPTER XV.

THE COTTAGE

'Look around you, Francesca.' Clara sat down on the bed and indicated with her parasol the various points of the compass represented by the four corners of the room. 'This is the cottage you have deliberately chosen instead of your Palace. This room is all that you will have for yourself until you tire of things and go home again—unless Something happens,' she added softly.

The room was certainly very small—say, twelve feet by eleven. It was also furnished as simply as a bedroom can be furnished. That is to say, there was a bed in it; there were also a chest of drawers, a single chair, and a washhand-stand; a small cupboard, a slip of carpet, and a small looking-glass completed the furniture. To the ordinary eye it

suggested a housemaid's room—the chamber of the under-housemaid. To Francesca it represented the furniture proper to her experiment.

Standing on the floor, open, was a trunk, one box—a large box, certainly, but one box only—which contained all Francesca's 'things.' This young lady of society was going to stay an indefinite time in lodgings, and had actually brought all her 'things' in one box. She was engaged in unpacking these things, laying them in the drawers and hanging them up in the cupboard. It was the first time in her life that she had done this work for herself, and there was a novelty about it. Yet one cannot say that she altogether liked it. Lifting and hanging and folding fatigues even the arms of youth. While she was thus busied the talk went on, Clara doing most of it.

'The room will do very well,' Francesca replied carelessly. 'It is not the room that I think about.'

'You have seen Nelly. She will be your

principal companion as long as you choose to stay here, unless—unless Something happens.' She repeated the last words with a murmur which almost suggested the phrase of the old woman who, when she says 'Something,' means the Black Box.

'Nelly and I mean to get on very well together. And Something will happen, I am sure. Oh! I am already glad that I came. Something great will happen to me here. I feel that I shall have a great experience. As for Nelly, we shall get on. She looks as good-natured and as dainty as she is pretty.'

'She is what she looks—poor Nell! Only you will find her—I don't know—rather sharper of speech and more decided in manner than most of the girls you know. She's got to keep herself, and the home as well, for her father gives her very little. She is breadwinner and housekeeper and all, and it makes her sharp. I am quite sure you will like her, Francesca. Otherwise I would never have proposed the thing. And then'—she coloured a little, feeling guilty of con-

spiracy, and being a young conspirator, not yet hardened in crime, she could not help changing colour and dropping her eyes—'and then there is Emanuel, you know.'

'Yes; there's always the mysterious Emanuel. Who is he, Clara?'

'He is Nelly's lodger.'

'Oh! A lodger!' Francesca's face fell. 'I thought we should be alone in the house, Nelly and I, and the servants, together.'

'The servants! My dear, the service consists of one little maid of fourteen. And I fear you must expect to meet Emanuel at all the meals.' She looked out of the window. 'There he is, sitting in the sun—he can't get too much sun—without a hat—at his work. He is a wood-carver by trade.'

'Oh!' Again Francesca's face fell. 'A wood-carver. I am to take my dinner in the company of a working man. Well, why not? If it is all in the experiment, Clara, why not? I shall imagine myself to be a working woman before I have done, I dare say.'

'He is something more than a working man, Francesca. How much more I leave you to find out. Oh! you will find him'—she laughed—'a very well-trained working man. Francesca'—Clara became very much in earnest, and laid her hand upon her friend's arm—'please—please—I implore you—do not begin by thinking of him as a working man. You shall know the reason why afterwards. What else he is—but you shall find out for yourself.'

'Very well, Clara, I will think of him as you wish.' She stooped and fished up a packet from the interior of the box: a little leather case: she opened it and took out a miniature, which she placed on the mantelshelf.

'Heavens!' said Clara, turning suddenly pale. 'You have brought the portrait of your father—your father—here!'

'Why not? I carry it about with me always. It gives me a sense of protection. I am not afraid of anything so long as his picture is beside me.'

'Here! Oh! I did not expect. . . . But never mind——'

Francesca pushed aside the long branches of Virginia creeper which hung before the window. 'We want more air,' she said. 'What a strange look-out! A great cemetery covered with tombs. The living on one side of the house and the dead on the other. They sleep quietly, Clara. I think they will not disturb me.'

'The portrait of her father! Here!' murmured Clara. 'Oh, she will know him at first sight!'

'There is a little garden,' Francesca went on. 'What a funny little garden! There is a man in it—a man with long hair, sitting at a bench in the sun, bareheaded, with a panel before him. Clara, this is your wood-carver, I suppose. He looks very busy.'

'Yes,' she said, 'that is our wood-carver.'

Francesca nodded and went back to her work of putting away. Clara turned her eyes from the miniature on the mantelshelf to the man in the garden.

'You said you had something else to say, Clara, while we were unpacking.'

'Yes. Oh, yes, yes!—I had almost forgotten. It is only that I want you not to think any longer that you are looking out of a hotel window at the Passing Show. You are in the Show, dressed up and ready to play your own separate part. No more of the nest lined with eider-down and velvet, all apart and secluded. Here we are in the world of work.'

'I shall dream that I am in it. But, of course, I can never be in the world, really, at all. It isn't healthy to sit too much at the hotel window, is it?'

'Nell will go about with you and show you things—whatever you would like to see. But don't try to see everything. You can find out what you want in two or three families as well as in a thousand: men are all alike, I believe, only differently dressed, and we eat different things, happily.' Clara shuddered, for there came into the window, wafted by the summer breath from some

neighbour's house, a fragrance of fried fish. 'Nelly, you know, can only take you about among her own People. If you want to see the other People you must go to the curates and the sisters and the deaconesses and the Bible women and the mission men and the Salvation lasses and the young men from the Universities. It will touch them to see a pretty girl like you interested in their work. Compassion and loveliness go well together.'

'I dare say we shall not want any other than Nelly's friends.'

'I sometimes think, Francesca, that if one tenth part of the labour were spent upon our People that is yearly expended among these Christians to lift them up and drag them out of the mire and push and shove them along the ways of virtue, the old reproach of our stiffneckedness and our stubbornness would have been broken down long ago. There must be something singularly attractive in being dirty and drunken, otherwise the London slums would cease to-morrow. Francesca, don't be persuaded to go slumming.

It does no good, mind, except to make one miserable, to find human creatures living like pigs in a sty. What you want is the right understanding of humanity; and that, my dear, you will get from good honest working people much better than from the wrecks and the failures.'

'I will follow your advice, Clara,' Francesca replied, smiling. 'You brought me here. You shall tell me what to do.'

'I want to drag you out of yourself, my dear. If you can only feel that you are like everybody else—a part of the crowd—you will be transformed. And before I have done I will give you—what? You shall see. Such gifts as you never dreamed of receiving. I shall make you twice as rich as ever you have been before.'

'My dear Clara'—Francesca was touched with the sudden change into earnestness—'why do you take so much trouble about me? I am not worth it.'

'That, too, you shall learn, but not to-night. Well, now, let us finish, because Nell

will be expecting us. Don't be afraid to talk to Nell. She won't understand your fine ignorance about the rest of the world. She will treat you just exactly as if you were like everybody else—made up of loves and affections and cousinships and ties here and there. Oh! Francesca!' She clapped her hands and jumped off the bed where she was sitting. 'I really think there never was such a case as yours in the whole world before. You are the only person in the whole world who cannot realise that the men and women in it are really real. Now, begin with Nelly. She is ready to your hand—a capital subject. Pinch her and stick pins into her, just to find out whether she cries out when she is hurt, as you do; if she does, you have advanced a step. Find out what she wants—you will easily do that—poor thing! She wants what we all want—oh! if you reflect that you want what she wants, it will go a long way towards making you understand all women ten times as well as your mother understands them.'

'What we all want? I suppose we do not all want the same thing.'

'Oh! yes, we do. All the same thing. My dear'—she caught Francesca's hand—'we all want Love. You as much as the meanest milliner's girl in Regent Street; and you had it, and you didn't understand that you wanted it, and you threw it away—and all for a stupid, empty, false formula.'

'You don't know what you are saying, Clara!' Francesca's cheeks glowed and her lips quivered.

'Oh, yes, I do! Now, that's enough. You will find out the truth, or else I shall be sorry indeed that ever I brought you here; but remember, my dear, above all things talk to Emanuel. Talk to him when you've done pinching Nelly.' Francesca turned and looked into the garden again through the Virginia creeper. Just then Emanuel lifted his head and looked up with a sigh of weariness. The sunlight fell full upon his face. Heavens! how like it was to

Francesca's face! Clara glanced sharply at her friend to see if perchance there should be any recognition. None? Strange! Yet Francesca had with her—she never went anywhere without it—the drawing of her father's face. Why did she not cry out with wonder at the likeness? But no, she showed not the least sign of recognition, or trouble, or doubt. The face was twenty years older, yet the same face.

'Emanuel,' Clara went on, watching for some sign and talking while she watched, 'will tell you many great and wonderful things. He has brought home with him some great and wonderful discovery. Nobody knows yet what it is. He leans over the garden wall and meditates upon it. My dear! Emanuel is not a common working man, nor is he a common man at all. I have asked him to be gracious. Don't mind his calling you by your first name, Francesca. It is his humour. He is like a Quaker for that. In the East, where he has travelled a great deal, the Arabs call each other by one

name only. I don't believe he knows my surname——'

'Is he one of your own People, Clara? But I suppose he must be.'

'He is—very much. Like us, he is a Spanish Jew. Perhaps, some day, he will tell you the family history. It is interesting.'

'Spanish? I am always coming across Spaniards. Yes. If it is like my own history——'

'It is exactly like your own, Francesca. Shall we go down?'

'Yes, I suppose so. I feel as if I were about to be cut adrift, and yet I am not afraid. I am on a voyage of discovery, and on the other side of the sea—what?'

'You shall see. Something that you little expect—something great. Just remember once more, dear, that you are no longer looking out of the window of a private room in an hotel. Dear me! I never before understood how a man may make himself a veritable hermitage out of a private room. He needn't go into the Desert and live in a cave among serpents

and mosquitoes. He needn't put on sackcloth and a hair shirt. Well, here you are and here I shall leave you. And now—oh! There are the rules of the house. This is the last of the explaining. Breakfast at eight, dinner at one, tea at five, supper at nine, simple living. No luxuries. For society, Emanuel and Nell. Oh! And,' Clara hesitated, 'there may be —I hope not—but I fear there may be a—young fellow. He isn't Love himself exactly —not with wings, you know, and a bow, but he has introduced the subject of Love, and—and—well, I don't know. But he may come in some evening with an offering of shrimps—Love's simple gift of shrimps. I hope not.'

'Why not?'

'Because, great stupid, he's a Christian, and she is a Jewess. Don't you understand that it can't be? We must not marry outside our own People. And Nelly's father in some things—not that on the racecourse he ever asks what he eats—is the most religious of men. If a Jewess marries outside her religion she leaves her People. Very well. That's

all, I think. Oh! You must remember that Nelly's pupils mostly come to her in the evening. She wants the parlour from six to nine. And now we'll go downstairs. After tea I shall go and leave you to—Emanuel—and, oh! Francesca!'—she kissed her friend on the cheek after the manner of maidens. 'You will, I think, I hope, learn to be content to be a woman—only a woman—though you are now so cold and so proud—you poor thing!'

A tear stood in her eye and her voice broke—was not Francesca, though she was ignorant of the fact, her own cousin? Was she not contriving a beautiful conspiracy which should restore the fatherless one to her long-lost parent, with a troop of cousins, just like quite ordinary maidens? 'Oh! and I quite forgot,' Clara turned round at the head of the stairs; 'it's no use here ringing for anything. If you do, nothing will come up. Aladdin has lost his lamp. The Magic Knob, my dear, has lost its virtue.'

CHAPTER XVI

'BID ME DISCOURSE'

Dropping into prose, Clara said that it was past tea-time, and that Nelly would be waiting, and they must go downstairs.

Nelly, in fact, was waiting. The tea was laid with an unusual display of cake and confitures and dainty bread-and-butter. It was a tea not likely to be repeated—a tea in honour of her visitor: this young lady, fabulously rich, who could make her—Nelly, rich, and never feel it. This mental attitude in the presence of a rich person is quite intelligible, and therefore universal. Who, among poor men suffering from poverty, can stand before a very rich man without the wonderful thought that this man, *without feeling it*, as they think and say, could remove from him the reproach of poverty? Inept poor man!

The rich man could not remove the reproach of ineptitude which keeps you poor. Go! get ability, and then you will be able to stand upright before your rich man with no such envious yearning. But Nelly had never before been in the company of a rich person, and it must be confessed that she had been encouraged to respect worldly wealth above all earthly things. Therefore, she sat nervously behind her tea-tray arranging her cups and saucers, and wondered what the rich girl wanted down there—among the folk who work. Clara had told her this and that; but the more Clara talked about it the less Nelly understood. What did Francesca Elveda—her mother worth millions—want that she should leave her lap of luxury and come down to this simple, if respectable, six-roomed house in a—well, respectable, though not elevated, suburban terrace? Standing at the table was the lodger—Emanuel—the working man whom Francesca was so carefully entreated not to consider as a working man. He had not changed his dress—he still wore his

working jacket. Francesca had expected a frock coat at least. But he showed no consciousness of being dressed otherwise than was right. He stood aside when the two girls entered the room, and waited to be introduced. This Clara made haste to do.

Now, this was the first scene or situation—which might very well be the last—Francesca was to be presented to her own father. She had his portrait upstairs on the mantelshelf. Why should she not recognise him? Yet, why should she? We have already, in the chapter on Coincidence which goes before, called attention to the difference between the face of twenty-five and the face of forty-five or fifty. Would you know yourself, dear reader of forty-five, when you consider that old portrait? Would your daughter know you if she had not seen you during all those years? Would she know you if she had never seen you at all, except in a portrait taken at twenty-five? Would she recognise you if she had nothing to go by—no shifting changes in the light—look of the eyes—trick

of stooping shoulders—chin in the air—carriage of the figure—no familiar music of your voice—no gesture—nothing but the face that changes not—the face painted by the sun? Would she recognise you if, in addition, your short hair had grown long, your brown beard was flecked with grey, your smooth face was lined, and your eyes were half hidden with glasses? Would your daughter, again, recognise you if you appeared before her, not in the guise of a gentleman, with a boiled shirt and a white collar and a frock-coat all buttoned down before, and white hands, but in the dress of a better-class working man with a flannel shirt, having a flannel collar, and a square jacket with pockets, and weather-browned, work-hardened hands?

'Francesca, dear,' Clara turned furiously red, and plunged at once into her situation, taking it rather too quickly for the audience, had there been any. 'This is Emanuel. It is his special wish to be addressed, and to call us, by the first name only. Emanuel, this is my friend Francesca of whom—of whom—of whom I spoke to you—Francesca—who has

come—come to stay here.' Without any apparent reason Clara hesitated, stammered, and showed every sign of nervousness. But she also watched the two people whom she presented to each other, glancing curiously from one to the other. There was not in either face a spark of recognition or even of suspicion or surprise. Yet, to her, who *knew*, the two faces were exactly alike: the secret was proclaimed; she was only astonished that Nelly did not cry out, 'Why, Francesca is his daughter!' or that Emanuel did not exclaim, gravely, certainly, 'Why, you must be my child!' or that Francesca herself did not stoop and kiss his hand, crying, 'My father! I have, then, a father! I know you by your likeness to myself!' None of these things happened. Therefore, she went on, 'Emanuel, I want you to be very kind to Francesca. Tell her things—anything. Although she is only a woman, she is really intelligent. Tell her some of the things you have told me—some of your experiences—your travels—your learning—your science—everything.'

Emanuel bowed low. Francesca, perhaps prepared by what Clara had told her, perceived that here was a man to be remarked. Not, certainly, a common working man. There was a strange beauty in his face: in his serious eyes: and in his expression, which, steady and full of purpose, conveyed a sense of strength. As Clara had predicted, she was attracted—or at least interested—from the very first. When he bowed and when he spoke it was with the manner of a Duke. Francesca knew no more about Dukes—French and Italian Dukes not counting—than her biographer; but when one speaks of the Ducal manner one arrives at it by a rapid and easy calculation. One knows the plain Mister—his plain manners: one rises to those of an Esquire: a Knight Bachelor —manners just a little bit exalted: a Knight of the Bath—manners already distinguished: a Baronet—manners almost lordly: a Baron; and so on, till one arrives at the giddy elevation of a Duke and the Ducal manner. On this pinnacle, like some Simon taking his title proudly from his Pillar, stood Emanuel, the

Wood-Carver, illustrating how fine the manner of a Duke may be.

'Clara exaggerates my powers of interesting you,' he said. 'But I will do what I can. Francesca, since that is your name, I am at your service.' His speech, like that of the girl herself, had something of a foreign accent, but his voice was musical and flexible. Clara could not understand why he looked at Francesca so curiously. It was not the look of recognition that she expected. Probably he would proceed to ask her a question which would lead to explanations. Better if the discovery were deferred. Better for them to become acquainted first. But she sat curious, expectant, and rather afraid.

'Come,' cried Nelly, tapping a cup with a spoon. 'The tea is getting cold. Please leave off talking and begin.'

Francesca took a chair. But Emanuel, standing over the table, took the loaf in his hands and said something in Hebrew. Then he cut the bread and gave to each a piece. As this little ceremony was repeated at every

meal, it was not difficult to associate it after a little with the function called 'Grace,' a thing omitted in hotels and at tables-d'hôte. Francesca, indeed, was not acquainted with even the shortest formula of grace—a defect due to her exceptional up-bringing. She remarked it, merely as a custom of Religion. The man who repeated the Prayer brake bread and divided it.

This done, Emanuel sat down and received his tea and took his toast in quite Occidental fashion.

They sat awhile in silence—Nelly shy, Clara anxious, Francesca wondering how to make conversation with a working man who had experiences of travel and of science. Somehow, she thought of Alice sitting down to tea with the March Hare. Perhaps he would propose that they all should move one chair on.

'I did not expect,' the working man began, 'to meet this evening one whose face I have already seen.'

'Where have you seen my face, Mr.—I mean—Emanuel?' Francesca replied jealously.

When one is not a professional person of any kind, it is natural to be jealous about the seclusion and privacy of one's face.

'I might say that I have seen it many times—that is to say, its type—in Spain. In London it is rarer. But that is not quite what I meant.'

'We are of Spanish descent.'

'That is obvious. Spain sets her mark—Spain above all other nations—upon every one of her children.'

'What did you mean, then?'

'I have seen your face in a photograph. It is in the possession of a friend of yours—and of mine. Harold is his name.'

Francesca coloured quickly. What right had Harold to show her photograph to this stranger—to any one?

'He did not show it to me,' Emanuel replied, reading her thoughts or interpreting her blush. 'It was among his private papers on his desk that I saw it, and I took it up because it was a Spanish face.'

'Oh! Is Harold a friend of yours? He

has never spoken to me—yes—oh, yes; I remember quite well'—her face lit up—'he has spoken to me often of you. You travelled with him. He found you among a Bedawi tribe—you travelled up the valley of the Euphrates together. Oh! I remember your name very well. And he thinks so much of you.'

'Emanuel knows everybody,' said Clara.

'Yes, we travelled together.'

'You are that Emanuel? Oh! he can never speak enough about you! Oh! you are that Emanuel. Oh! I am so glad to meet you. I, too, have lived in the Desert. We lived in the tents, in the Hauran and the Desert south of the Hauran, for three delightful months. Emanuel,' she changed suddenly, and became at once open and expansive, 'since you are a friend of Harold's, you must be a friend of mine.'

'Harold is a young man of great qualities. It was in order to see Harold and to bring him something—something'—his eyes brightened—'that I have discovered—something of

the greatest importance—that I came here. He is my friend. I can talk to Harold.'

'Talk to me as well,' said Francesca. 'For he has told me of the talks you had in your travels. He remembers them yet. Was he not glad to see you?'

'Very glad. We had much to say. On his table I saw your photograph.'

Francesca coloured again. What had Harold told this man?

'Harold is almost my brother,' she said, feeling immediately after that she had said the weakest thing possible to be said. For, having boldly advanced the principle that Harold's friends were her friends, any explanation of the situation was certainly undignified.

'Almost your brother,' he repeated. 'Yet, between almost and quite, how great a gulf is fixed!'

Francesca made no reply. The thing might have been said with meaning. What had Harold told him? But it was said so

gently and simply that it might have been only a general proposition.

'I hear,' Emanuel went on, 'that you find yourself, for some cause or other, separated from the world. When one grows older, it is separation from the world that is most desired. Away from cities one can breathe and think.'

'But you must first know the world.'

'One must first be young; but we must define the world. This is one world, round this house—a world that works, a world subordinate, yet a world well-to-do. Not far off is a world not so well-to-do, in positions not so assured. Farther off still, there is the world of those who neither work nor live, but thieve and starve. Your world, perhaps, is another world still, which never works at all unless it work of its own choice. You can very easily, if you have imagination, feel separated from the world which works. But most women ardently desire that separation. In my youth' ('Now,' thought Clara, 'for the revelation which will lead to the question') 'I have been in your world, Francesca: not for long—I

might have stayed in it but for an unforeseen occurrence. Poor I was when I went into it; poor I came out of it; poor have I remained. It is not for me to find cheap sneers at the world which works not. Yet, the true curse of labour is the curse of requiring work, as the only means of keeping in health of mind and body. We should find pity, not sneers, for the world which does not work; because for most its idleness destroys the strength and stops the growth of the finer qualities.'

'I have no wish to remain idle,' said Francesca. 'My mother, who is wealthy, has always worked very hard.'

Again an opening. Clara looked up sharply. What had her mother done? Advocated the independence of women. Why did not Emanuel ask the nature of that work?

The chance was missed. Emanuel went on—generalising—in his incurious manner, as if it mattered nothing about particular cases. 'The best kind of work,' he said, 'is recognised all over the world to be that which

is done for all mankind. The preacher and the teacher, the statesman and the lawgiver, the physician and the lawyer, the man of letters, the poet and the painter, the man of science, the architect and the engineer, these men occupy a place far higher than the trader, or the manufacturer, or the producer. If your work concerns humanity you cannot be separated from mankind.'

'But I must first find my work.'

'Young lady,' he replied, 'I know not yet what your gifts may be. For work of the nobler kind women are not called—no woman yet has advanced art or science, or literature; not one has advanced humanity. But, I say again, I know not what your gifts may be. Perhaps to receive, to understand, and to interpret may be given to you—as it has been given to some women, who yet have not been wives and mothers.'

'Emanuel thinks,' said Clara, 'that all women should be wives. That is the Teaching of our Religion.'

'That is to say, it is the Law of Nature.

Woman's proper work is laid down for her in certain lines. Outside those lines most women are unhappy. In this world which works, the women, I find everywhere, have all one hope. It is to become wives, and so to change unnatural work for that which is natural.'

'We cannot all be married, Emanuel,' said Francesca. 'What is a girl to do who wants work and does not wish to marry?'

Emanuel gently waved his hands. 'We must find that woman and then inquire into her gifts.'

He relapsed into silence, and drank his tea. Then he rose, gravely bowed, and left the room.

The three girls chatted for a few minutes. 'It is nearly six!' cried Clara. 'I have to get home to dinner at seven, and it is Sabbath eve—I must fly. Francesca, I leave you to the tender mercies of Nelly and Emanuel. Good-bye. I will not try to see you until you send for me. Farewell, my dear. Good-bye, Nell.'

She ran away. 'I'm afraid, Francesca,'

said Nell, timidly, 'that I've got a pupil coming at six.'

Francesca sought the refuge of her little room; the westering sun fell full upon her face; below, at the end of the narrow garden, stood Emanuel leaning over the low wall, looking across the field of graves—the stony waste and wilderness of tombs. How huge a pyramid might be made only out of the tombs in London graveyards of those whose memory is long ago forgotten, though the granite slab, or the headstone, or the broken shaft remains! The attitude of the man was one of meditation.

She sat down at the window and looked at this man—this working man who spoke with authority—the man who had so profoundly impressed Harold—the man whom Clara prayed her so earnestly not to regard only as a working man. Then she leaned her head upon her hands, and in the warm summer air her thoughts began to wander. The thoughts of the young wander hither and thither easily; they are impatient of control,

yet they are easily controlled. They are, as the poet hath said, long thoughts. They are desires and ambitions; they are dreams; they are paintings; they are illusions. When they are over they are forgotten—because one is young. For the old there are no such waking dreams. There is no earthly future: their work is finished. Therefore they dream no longer, but, with what strength remains, they work. As for the merry days when all was young, when they loved and danced, and sang: when they were strong and did splendid work: when they were men, and fought their way—— No—no—to remember is sadness: to look forward is more sadness—with endurance—and—what else?

Francesca was young: she had visions of I know not what. Emanuel was old—to such as Francesca forty-five is considered old. What had he? Visions? meditations? Does wisdom come to him who leans over a wall and thinks?

When Francesca came back to earth, the clock, an old-fashioned cuckoo clock in some adjoining house—there is no church clock

in the hearing of that street—was striking seven. Emanuel still remained motionless. He was perhaps, as he desired, separated in spirit from the world. Down below, the tinkling of a banjo showed that a lesson was going on. This delightful instrument is, perhaps, never heard to greater advantage than when a beginner is taking his first lessons upon it. As an accompaniment to the intermittent, but persistent, notes of the banjo—for the beginner possessed courage—there was wafted upwards from the street in the front of the house a mingled music of children's shouts and cries, the laughter of maidens, and the louder talk of matrons.

Francesca listened. Then the old feeling came over her. She was again at the hotel-window looking out at the Passing Show. She was alone among the Phantoms. The working man who was also a kind of Prophet, who preached to Harold in the Desert, and took tea and toast with Nelly and herself, and meditated among the tombs, was only one more grotesque figure added to the clown and

pantaloon and the man who led the dancing bear.

She sprang to her feet, caught her hat and jacket, and fled down the stairs and into the street below.

CHAPTER XVII

'COME, MY BELOVED, TO MEET THE BRIDE'

THOSE who know the meaning of that strange obsession, that mysterious incubus, which sits in the brain, turns real things into unreal, suggests dangers, conjures phantoms, will understand why, when that terror of the Passing Show rose up before Francesca's mind, she fled into the street. There, at least, she would not be alone; there she would be one of the crowd. It is a medicine which alleviates but cannot cure, like so many of the physician's prescriptions. She would not be alone; she could not in the street imagine herself looking out from the hotel window upon the crowd below.

The street itself was filled with children playing: an average of half-a-dozen children to every house, for no man in this street had

reason to be afraid of meeting his enemy at the gate. It is a fine breed of humanity, the offspring of the better kind of working man: let us have as many of them as we possibly can—to work for us at home; to fill our colonies for us abroad. Unconscious of what fate had in store for them, these future pillars of the Empire were playing in the road, a very paradise of a playground, because no vehicles except the dust-cart and the milk-cart—both personally and carefully conducted—ever came into it, and nobody could possibly be run over. On the pavement were walking arm-in-arm, two-by-two, the maidens of the place, not factory girls with flaming feathers, but quietly-dressed girls, of quiet manners; girls employed somewhere all day long—cashiers, accountants, post-office attendants, teachers, dressmakers, milliners—there is now no employment which does not want girls for something or other. These were, like Nelly, of the better class—girls in what is considered good employment at good pay. Their day's work was done; they walked to-

gether, and talked *chiffons* and enjoyed the soft air of July. There were no young men among them: these were all on the country roads, miles away, mounted on bicycles. So long as a girl has a young man, like other girls, and is therefore enabled to maintain her self-respect, she prefers to be left alone among other girls. The conversation of men is apt to run too much on shop and the 'screw' and prospects. On proper occasions, in the winter, the young man must show himself. Meantime, girls, as a rule, get on a good deal better among themselves and without the men on a warm summer evening. They looked curiously at Francesca; they parted and made way for her to pass; they exchanged glances as she passed through them—the glances meant, without a word, that the hat and the jacket and gloves were things quite, mournfully quite, beyond their means; their glances meant surprise, wonder, approbation, and envy. Francesca looked in their faces as she walked, curiously and wistfully. Had she dared she would have stopped one here and

one there to ask how she found the world and what she thought of woman and her servitude; but the girls' faces were not encouraging—they looked uncomplaining, even happy. They looked like asking her questions instead of answering; their eyes said, 'Who are you? why are you here? Oh! what a lovely jacket!'

Francesca found herself presently in a broad thoroughfare. Omnibus and tram-car rolled along the road; working men, young and old—but, like soldiers, working men are always young—lounged along, pipe in mouth, with the occasional well-known and expected jest: on a July evening—or, indeed, on any evening after work, who would take the trouble to invent new jokes? They were good-humoured working men, and they paid no attention to a girl of the better class—why should they? To pay attention to any girl indicates imagination, and this is not a common quality among those who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow. Manual labour destroys the imagination: he who digs

cannot become a poet. Then there were boys—boys of fifteen—who walked along, cigarette in mouth, each accompanied by his girl, a year older or a year younger: sometimes they sat on a doorstep, and so took the freshness of the evening air. They looked happy, these youthful couples, and as Francesca knew nothing of the Early Marriage Tragedies, she was pleased to see them happy. Then came the matron, basket in arm, who had done her shopping and was going home; or the work-girl belated, carrying an immense bolster of work as big as herself; or the 'little mother' of eight with a baby of two in her tiny arms. And from the public-house came loud talk, and as the door swung open and shut, the foul breath of bad tobacco, bad beer, bad spirits, and bad language. Yet it was quite early evening, and it wanted an hour to sunset. And all the way and everywhere, besides the crowd on the pavement and the busy life of the road, there were the shops on one side, with their eager, busy shopmen, and on the other side of the broad pave-

ment on the kerb long rows of stalls, where they offered for sale, with loud talk and chaff and jokes and shouting, things innumerable: all the things that there are to sell, except, perhaps, a few things that are reserved for Bond Street. A cheerful crowd: a gathering of people who were happy simply because they were gathered. Great is the power of even so casual an association; contentment, rest, satisfaction, sat on all their faces. Astonishing!

Francesca walked along timidly: she thought that perhaps one of the young working men might address an observation to her: many of the young men addressed observations to the girls they passed, evidently without introductions. What should she do or say in such a case? Or, if she looked about too curiously it might be remarked. Therefore she kept as much as she could to the side of the stream near the houses, and listened and watched, trying to look as if she had important business which took her out.

But the hypochondriac feeling had left

her: she felt no longer as if she was looking on at the Passing Show: she was no longer at the hotel window: she was down below, one of the crowd, in the throng and the thick of it.

She walked about half a mile down the road, then, as there seemed no change in the crowd and her steps showed her always the same thing—the crowd on the pavement, the trams in the road, the stalls where everything was sold, on the kerb—since it was all the same, she turned and walked homewards. So far the crowd had not saddened her. Why should it sadden her? I know not. She had expected somehow to be saddened, and she was exhilarated. She remembered the Voice which she had heard from the marching crowd at Charing Cross. It was a Voice of Hope.

It was just eight when she reached the house. The pupil was gone, the lesson was finished, the music and the banjo were put away in the corner. Nelly was bustling about the room, putting things in order, a dusting-

cloth in her hand. Emanuel, also present, was doing something to help. There was something of the appearance of a Function—that is to say, the putting away seemed in some cases superfluous.

'Will you help, Francesca?' asked Nelly.

'What is there to do? You are lifting up things and putting them back again.'

'Oh! I forgot. Clara told me. You don't know everything. Why, you see, it is the Eve of the Sabbath. Everybody in the house from the master to the maid does something to prepare for the Sabbath. It is the Law.'

'Your parents have probably left the People and the Faith,' said Emanuel. 'Clara told me something of this.'

'We do not belong to the People or to the Faith. We are Spanish Moors.'

'Spanish Moors?' asked Emanuel. 'I am a Spaniard, but I know of no Spanish Moors. There is Moorish blood in Spain, without doubt. But——'

'Our religion was Islam,' said Francesca.

'We were settled in Spain for a thousand years.'

Emanuel shook his head. 'You have been settled in Spain,' he said, 'for two thousand years, unless your face deceives me. None the less, you know not the Law. Learn, then, that with us it is a duty for every one to assist at preparing for the Sabbath. The most learned Rabbi is not too proud to lay the fire or to chop the wood or to spread the cloth.' In fact, he himself went through the form of laying the fire, while Nelly spread a clean white cloth. 'There is nothing low or menial in preparing for the Sabbath. We welcome the day as a royal bride. "Come, my beloved," says our hymn, "to meet the bride: the presence of the Sabbath let us receive."'

Nelly placed two loaves of bread from a tray on the table and covered them with a clean napkin.

'The two loaves,' said Emanuel, 'are simply the double portion of manna which fell on the Sabbath Eve. Thus our children are every week reminded of the past. There

is a napkin above and a napkin below. Thus fell the dew upon the manna and beneath it. But this is superfluous. Our People have carried their refinements and symbols in some cases perhaps too far. They were careful, however, that in ages of ignorance the people should be never suffered to forget their history.'

Nelly placed other things on the table: things which made up the supper.

'Everything,' Emanuel continued, 'is prepared and cooked to-day in readiness for this evening and to-morrow. Nelly,' he looked at his watch, 'the sun is setting.'

Nelly placed on the table a large lamp; it had seven wicks, a fact which Francesca did not observe, to stand for the seven days of the week. It was just before sunset. The western glow was reflected into the room from a window in the opposite side of the street, falling upon the girl and upon Emanuel, and upon the white table, making the whole glorious. Nelly lighted the lamp. When she had done so she spread out her hands, repeating in a

low voice a Hebrew prayer. Emanuel translated the words.

'This is the Woman's prayer,' he said. 'The Woman says this prayer on the Eve of Sabbath and of all Fasts and Feasts. It means "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who hast sanctified us with Thy precepts and commanded us to light the Sabbath lamps." It is the privilege of Woman to light these lamps. As everything that we do commemorate, atones, and praises, this act is a commemoration and an atonement of the sin of Eve, who extinguished the light of the world. It is also, as you see, a prayer of praise and blessing. The importance of the lamps is greatly impressed upon us in the Talmud. She who lights it must be dressed in her best.'

Francesca now observed that Nelly was dressed in her newest and daintiest frock, looking very pretty and holiday-like. By this time other things were placed upon the table, and Nelly invited her guest to take her place. 'We ought to have been to Sabbath

Eve service,' she said. 'To-morrow, Francesca, you shall go with me to synagogue, if you will. I suppose you've never been in synagogue in your whole life?'

'Why should I?' asked Francesca.

Emanuel stood over the table gravely. He first took the decanter containing sherry, and poured out a glass of wine. Holding this in his hand, he recited certain words in Hebrew. They were the first three verses of the second chapter of the Book of Genesis, called the Sanctification for the Eve of the Sabbath. This done, he pronounced, also in Hebrew, a benediction on the wine. 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who has created the fruit of the vine!' He then tasted the wine and poured out a little for the girls. He next repeated the customary grace before meat. Then he brake bread and gave to each. After this the supper began, and was carried on in quite a customary heathen fashion. The order and solemnity of the meal, however, impressed Francesca.

'In some houses'—Emanuel again seemed to read her thoughts—'the prayers and benedictions may become an idle form, a gabble of words, but the form is always there in every Jewish household. While the form remains, there remains also the chance of recovering the spirit. Remember, it is by strict exaction of the form that we keep the ignorant and the careless from losing their religion and their nationality. We are kept together by forms which we are forbidden to break through.'

'I think you will interest me very much. I have never considered the subject of Judaism at all.'

Nelly looked up inquiringly, and turned to Emanuel.

'There were reasons for all the forms which seem to those outside the People vexatious and trifling. You have a serious countenance, Francesca. If you like to converse upon the People at any time, I will tell you such things as may be useful to you. A woman is not expected to know

or to obey the Precepts which govern the man.'

'That is what they say,' said Nelly. 'Women are not expected to know the Law. Oh! and how is the Law carried out, as far as the house is concerned, but by the women? What about the forbidden food and the Kosher meat? Are we not to learn the rules about boiling meat and the Separation of the kitchen things, and the unleavened bread and the Passover cakes and the Passover wine? If it were not for women learning all these things, Emanuel, you would have to turn cook and housekeeper yourself.'

'Go to synagogue to-morrow,' said Emanuel. 'Ours is the Spanish synagogue, built in the year 1700, for the congregation of Sephardim—the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, who had come over with Manasseh fifty years before, when Oliver Cromwell gave permission. It is in the City of London. Mark well what is done. Nelly will explain something, I will explain the rest. Remember, however, that you are about to witness the

most ancient ritual in the world, the most venerable form of worship which exists—a form which has come down through two thousand five hundred years at least of unbroken continuance.'

After supper, he pronounced the grace after meat and retired.

CHAPTER XVIII

SYNAGOGUE

'ARE you ready, Francesca?'

Nelly ran lightly down the narrow stairs, dressed for Sabbath and Synagogue. She was dainty and pretty at all times in the matter of dress, but especially on a summer day, which affords opportunity for bright colour and bright drapery and an ethereal appearance. This morning she was full of colour and light. When, however, she found herself confronted with Francesca's simple grey dress, so closely fitting, so faultless, and her black-lace hat with its single rose for colour, Nelly's artistic sense caused her heart to sink like lead. It is not for nothing that that one learns and teaches the banjo: one Art leads to another; she who knows music

can feel for dress. 'Oh! she cried, clasping her hands. 'That's what we can never do!'

'What?'

'That fit! Look at me! Yet they call me clever. Clara gives me the new fashions and I copy them, and the girls in our street copy me—poor things!—and the dressmaker comes to talk things over and to learn from me. I make everything for myself. And they call me clever! But I can't get near it; and if I can't nobody can.'

To the male eye she would have seemed dressed as well as her friend—perhaps better. For against Francesca's grey dress with her black lace hat Nelly could show a sweet pink summer thing in wool with a pattern in bright-coloured flowers worked all over it, and lace about the neck, and a rather large hat with flowers to match, and long tan gloves. Nobody in the street was ever better dressed than Nelly. But she certainly made her frocks herself, and the professional eye, comparing the result with her companion's frock,

would perceive that it presented an amateurish appearance at best.

'Nonsense, Nelly,' said Francesca. 'You have got a very pretty frock, and nobody could possibly look nicer in it than you do. As for me, I can make nothing. Why—I am ashamed to confess it—but I have never once in all my life had a needle in my hand. I think you are wonderfully clever to make such a pretty dress all by yourself.'

Outside there was nobody in the street to see the Sabbath frock, because all the girls were away at work and the matrons were in the house over the morning work. 'See what comes,' said Nelly, 'of not being like other people! If we kept the Sabbath on a Sunday the street would be full of girls to look at us. It's all a waste.'

They took the tram as far as Aldgate, where stand the stately hayricks on wheels. It is a crowded part, thronged with people and with vehicles; but on Saturday there is less crowd than on any other weekday.

Nelly crossed the road and plunged into a maze of narrow streets, where every shop and every warehouse were closed.

'Here's where all our People live,' said Nelly. 'The synagogue is just here.'

She turned into an archway on the south side of the street, and led the way into a small paved court. On the east side and south side of it there was a group of buildings. One of them, a large detached structure of red brick, stood east and west, with a flat façade and round windows that bore out the truth of the date—1700—carved upon the front. A word or two in that square character—that tongue—which presents so few attractions to most of us compared with other tongues, probably corroborated the internal evidence of the façade and the windows.

'This is the synagogue,' said Nelly. She entered, and turning to the right led the way upstairs to a gallery running along the whole side of the building. On the other side was another gallery. In front of both was a

tolerably wide grill, through which the congregation below could be seen perfectly.

'This is the women's gallery,' whispered Nell—there were not many women present. 'We'll sit in front. Presently they will sing. They sing beautifully. Now they're reading prayers and the Law. They've got to read the whole Law through once a week, you know.' Francesca looked curiously through the grill. When one is in a perfectly strange place, the first observations made are of small and unimportant things. She observed that there was a circular enclosure at the east end as if for an altar, but there was no altar: two doors indicated a cupboard in the wall. There were six tall wax-lights burning round the enclosure, although the morning was fine and bright. At the west end a high screen kept the congregation from the disturbance of those who entered or went out. Within the screen was a company of men and boys, all with their hats and caps on their heads; they looked like the choir. In front of the choir was a plat-

form railed round. Three chairs were placed at the back of the platform. There was a table covered with red velvet, on which lay the Book of the Law, a ponderous roll of parchment provided with silver staves or handles. Before this desk or table stood the Reader. He was a tall and handsome man, with black hair and full black beard, about forty years of age. He wore a gown and large Geneva bands like a Presbyterian minister: on his head he had a kind of biretta. Four tall wax candles were placed round the front of the platform. The chairs were occupied by two or three elders. A younger man stood at the desk beside the Reader. The service was already begun—it was, in fact, half over.

Francesca observed next that all the men wore a kind of broad scarf made of some white stuff about eight feet long and four feet broad. Bands of black or blue were worked in the ends, which were also provided with fringes. 'It is the Talleth,' Nelly whispered. Even the boys wore this white robe, the effect of which would have been very good but for

the modern hat, tall or pot, which spoiled all. Such a robe wants a turban above it, not an English hat. The seats were ranged along the synagogue east and west. The place was not full, but there were a good many worshippers. The service was chanted by the Reader. It was a kind of chant quite new and strange to Francesca. Like many young persons brought up with no other religion than they can pick up for themselves, she was curious and somewhat learned in the matter of ecclesiastical music and ritual, which she approached, owing to her education, with unbiased mind. She knew masses and anthems and hymns and chants of all kinds; never had she heard anything of this kind before. It was not congregational, or Gregorian, nor was it repeated by the choir from side to side; nor was it a monotone with a drop at the end; nor was it a florid, tuneful chant such as one may hear in some Anglican services. This Reader, with a rich, strong voice, a baritone of great power, took nearly the whole of the service—it must have been ex-

tremely fatiguing—upon himself, chanting it from beginning to end. No doubt, as he rendered the reading and the prayers, so they had been given by his ancestors in Spain and Portugal generation after generation, back into the times when they came over in Phœnician ships to the Carthaginian colonies, even before the dispersion of the Ten Tribes. It was a traditional chant of antiquity beyond record. Not a monotonous chant. Francesca knew nothing of the words; she grew tired of trying to make out whereabouts on the page the Reader might be in the book lent her, which had Hebrew on one side and English on the other. Besides, the man attracted her—by his voice, by his energy, by his appearance. She closed her book and surrendered herself to the influence of the voice and the emotions which it expressed.

There was no music to help him. From time to time the men in the congregation lifted up their voices—not, seemingly, in response, but as if moved to sudden passion and crying out with one accord. This helped

him a little, otherwise he was without any assistance.

A great Voice. The man sometimes leaned over the Roll of the Law, sometimes he stood upright, always his great Voice went up and down and rolled along the roof and echoed along the benches of the women's gallery. Now the Voice sounded a note of rejoicing; now, but less often, a note of sadness; now it was a sharp and sudden cry of triumph. Then the people shouted with him—it was as if they clashed sword on shield and yelled for victory; now it was a note of defiance, as when men go forth to fight an enemy; now it sank to a murmur, as of one who consoles and soothes and promises things to come; now it was a note of rapture, as if the Promised Land was already recovered.

Was all that in the Voice? Did the congregation, all sitting wrapped in their white robes, feel these emotions as the Voice thundered and rolled? I know not. Such was the effect produced upon one who heard this Voice for the first time. At first it seemed loud, even

barbaric ; there was lacking something which the listener and stranger had learned to associate with worship. What was it ? Reverence ? But she presently found reverence in plenty, only of a kind that differed from that of Christian worship. Then the listener made another discovery. In this ancient service she missed the note of humiliation. There was no Litany at a Fald-Stool. There was no kneeling in abasement ; there was no appearance of penitence, sorrow, or the confession of sins. The Voice was as the Voice of a Captain exhorting his soldiers to fight. The service was warlike, the service of a people whose trust in their God is so great that they do not need to call perpetually upon Him for the help and forgiveness of which they are assured. Yes—yes—she thought—this is the service of a race of warriors ; they are fighting men ; the Lord is their God ; He is leading them to battle ; as for little sins, and backslidings, and penitences—they belong to the Day of Atonement—which comes once a year. For all the

other days in the year battle and victory occupy all the mind. The service of a great fighting people: a service full of joy, full of faith, full of assurance, full of hope and confidence—such assurance as few Christians can understand, and of faith to which few Christians can attain. Perhaps Francesca was wrong; but these were her first impressions, and these are mostly true.

In the body of the synagogue men came late. Under one gallery was a school of boys, in the charge of a greybeard, who, book in hand, followed the service with one eye while he admonished perpetually the boys to keep still and to listen. The boys grew restless; it was tedious to them—the Voice which expressed so much to the stranger who knew no Hebrew at all was tedious to the children; they were allowed to get up and run into the court outside and then to come back again; nobody heeded their going in and out. One little boy of three, wrapped, like the rest, in a white Talleth, ran up and down the side aisle without being heeded—even by the splendid

beadle with the gold-laced hat, which looked so truly wonderful above the Oriental Talleth. The boys in the choir got up and went in and out just as they pleased. Nobody minded. The congregation, mostly well-to-do men with silk hats, sat in their places, book in hand, and paid no attention.

Under the opposite gallery sat two or three rows of worshippers, who reminded Francesca of Browning's poem of St. John's Day at Rome. For they nudged and jostled each other: they whispered things; they even laughed over the things they whispered. But they were clad like those in the open part in the Talleth, and they sat book in hand, and from time to time they raised their voices with the congregation. They showed no reverence, except that they did not talk or laugh loudly. They were like the children, their neighbours—just as restless, just as uninterested, just as perfunctory. Well, they were clearly the poorer and more ignorant part of the community. They came here and sat through the service because they

were ordered so to do; because, like Passover, and the Feast of Tabernacles, and the Fast of Atonement, it was the Law of their People.

The women in the gallery sat or stood. They neither knelt nor sang aloud; they only sat when it was proper to sit, or stood when it is proper to stand. They were like the women, the village women, in a Spanish or Italian church, for whom everything is done. Francesca, for the moment, felt humiliated that she should be compelled to sit apart from the congregation, railed off in the women's gallery, to have her religion done for her, without a voice of her own in it at all. So I have heard, indignation sometimes fills the bosom of certain ladies in other communions when they reflect upon the fact that they are excluded from the choir and forbidden even to play the organ in their own parish church.

The chanting ceased: the Reader sat down. Then the choir began. They sang a hymn—a Hebrew hymn—the rhythm and metre were not English: the music was like nothing that can be heard in a Christian

church. 'It is the music,' said Nelly, 'to which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea'—a bold statement, but—why not? If the music is not of Western origin and character, who can disprove such an assertion? After the hymn the prayers and reading went on again.

There came at last—it is a long service, such as we poor weak-kneed Anglicans could not endure—the end. There was a great bustle and ceremony on the platform: they rolled up the Roll of the Law: they wrapped it in a purple velvet cloth: they hung over it a silver breastplate set with twelve jewels for the Twelve Tribes—in memory of the Urim and Thummim—Francesca saw that the upper ends of the staves were adorned with silver pomegranates and with silver bells—and they placed it in the arms of one of those who had been reading the Law; then a procession was formed, and they walked, while the Choir sang one of the Psalms of David—but not in the least like the same Psalm sung in an English Cathedral—bearing the Roll of the Law to the Ark—that is to say, to the cup-

board, behind the railing and enclosure at the east end.

The Reader came back. Then with another chanted Prayer—it sounded like a prolonged shout of continued Triumph—he ended his part of the service.

And then the Choir sang the last hymn—a lovely hymn, not in the least like a Christian, or, at least, an English hymn—a psalm that breathed a tranquil hope and a perfect faith. One needed no words to understand the full meaning and beauty and depth of that hymn.

The service was finished. The men took off their white scarves and folded them up. They stood and talked in groups for a few minutes, gradually melting away. As for the men under the gallery, who had been whispering and laughing, they trooped out of the Synagogue all together. Evidently to them the service was only a form. What is it, in any religion, but a form, to the baser sort?

The Beadle put out the lights. Nelly led the way down the stairs. Thinking of what

the service had suggested to herself—all those wonderful things above enumerated—Francesca wondered what it meant to a girl who heard it every Sabbath morning. But she refrained from asking. Custom too often takes the symbolism out of the symbols and the poetry out of the verse. Then the people begin to worship the symbols and make a fetich of the words. We have seen this elsewhere—in other forms of faith. Outside they found Emanuel. They had not seen him in the congregation, probably because it is difficult to recognise a man merely by the top of his hat.

'Come,' he said, 'let us look round the place. Afterwards, perhaps, we will talk of our Service. This synagogue is built on the site of the one erected by Manasseh and his friends when Oliver Cromwell permitted them to return to London after four hundred years of exile. They were forced to wear yellow hats at first, but that ordinance soon fell into disuse, like many other abominable laws. When you read about mediæval laws, Francesca, re-

member that when they were cruel or stupid they were seldom carried into effect, because the arm of the executive was weak. Who was there to oblige the Jews to wear the yellow hat? The police? There were no police. The people? What did the people care about the yellow hat? When the Fire burned down London, sparing not even the great Cathedral, to say nothing of the synagogue, this second Temple arose, equal in splendour to the first. At that time all the Jews of London were Sephardim of Spain and Portugal and Italy. Even now there are many of the people here who speak nothing among themselves but Spanish, just as there are Askenazim who speak nothing among themselves but Yiddish. Come with me: I will show you something that will please you.'

He led the way into another flagged court, larger than the first. There were stone staircases, mysterious doorways, paved passages, a suggestion of a cloister, an open space or square, and buildings on all sides with windows opening upon the court.

'It doesn't look English at all,' said Francesca. 'I have seen something like it in a Spanish convent. With balconies and a few bright hangings, and black-haired women at the open windows, and perhaps a coat-of-arms carved upon the wall, it would do for part of a Spanish street. It is a strange place to find in the heart of London.'

'You see the memory of the Peninsula. What were we saying yesterday? Spain places her own seal upon everything that belongs to her—people, buildings, all. What you see here is the central Institute of our People, the Sephardim—the Spanish part of our People. Here is our synagogue, here are schools, almshouses, residence of the Rabbi, and all sorts of things. You can come here sometimes and think of Spain, where your ancestors lived. Many generations in Spain have made you—as they have made me—a Spaniard.'

They went back to the first court. On their way out, as they passed the synagogue, there came running across the court a girl of

fifteen or so. She was bareheaded; a mass of thick black hair was curled round her shapely head; her figure was that of an English girl of twenty; her eyes showed black and large and bright as she glanced at the group standing in the court; her skin was dark; she was oddly and picturesquely dressed in a greyish-blue skirt with a bright crimson open jacket. The colour seemed literally to strike the eye. The girl disappeared under a doorway, leaving a picture of herself in Francesca's mind—a picture to be remembered.

'A Spanish Jewess,' said Emanuel. 'An Oriental. She chooses by instinct the colours that her great-grandmother might have worn to grace the triumph of David the King.'

CHAPTER XIX

THE SUNDAY FAIR

'I DON'T know exactly what you want to see,' said Nelly next morning. 'There can't be anything worth seeing about here. It's mostly hard work going on. That isn't much to see.'

'I don't know exactly what I do want to see, unless it is everything. I want to see the busy hive at work; I want—oh! Nell, you can't understand what I mean. I want—I want to feel that things are real.'

'Oh! they're real enough, if that's all,' said Nelly grimly. 'Well, I will take you to the busiest place in the whole world. Work? They *couldn't* work harder anywhere if they were to try. And as for pay, times are never anything but hard, I can tell you. Real?

Yes, things are real enough. But you shall come and see.'

It was Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church; but on the broad highway along which Nelly led her companion there were few signs of any intention churchward. Sunday morning in the summer invites the residents of this quarter out of doors. Sunday evening in the summer calls them to the 'Forest,' to Dagenham Lake, to North Woolwich, to the River Lea. Sunday morning in the winter invites to prolonged bed—Sunday evening in the winter, I am told, sometimes presents encouraging signs of a churchward revival. The morning was bright; the two girls walked along with the elastic step of youth, and the light and colour which the rare summer sunshine puts into every maiden's cheek. To one of them the place was new, and the people and the talk. The wan thin ghosts, born of seclusion and loneliness, had already vanished. Francesca, interested in the new things, had forgotten the hotel window and the Passing Show. She

was outside; she was actually one of the show folk: she began to think of herself in connection with the show folk.

'I am going to take you to see my Great-grandfather, for one thing,' Nelly went on. 'He's an old—old man—over a hundred. He's the oldest man in the country. Very likely he's the oldest man in the world. Because, you see, many old people think they won't be found out when they clap on ten years or so. But our old man's age can be certified by his father's synagogue in Venice. There can't be any mistake about it. People come to see him and to talk with him, because he's so old; they think he must be so wise and must know such a lot. Grandfather, who keeps the shop, is seventy-five, though no one would think it to look at him. He says it just makes him young only to look at his old Dad; makes him feel that there's five and twenty years and more before him yet. Think of being seventy-five, and feeling that there's five and twenty years before you. Five and twenty years of good business,

perhaps. Mind, it's only our People who get like that.'

'Is he Clara's great-grandfather too?'

'Oh, yes. Uncle Angelo was born over the shop. So was father. But Grandfather has never been lucky; while as for Uncle Angelo, everything he touches turns to gold. This way, stick tight to me. There's always a crowd here on Sundays. But they won't hurt you.'

The street into which they turned was thronged with people, not, as Francesca at first imagined, in order to do honour to this very old man, but in order to be present at a Fair. Except that there were no shows, no dwarfs and giants, no swings, and no blare of trumpets and beat of drums, it was a real old mediæval Fair, in which things to sell were set out on stalls or booths along the street—quite a Fair after the manner of the ancients. The Fair of Beaucaire, when good King René reigned in the Castle of Tarascon, was just such a fair as this. Perhaps, if one had ever seen the place, it might remind one of Nijni

Novgorod, or of Leipsig, or of our own Stourbridge Fair. Some of the booths, or stalls, were covered over with awnings, to keep off the rain or the sunshine; some were open, some consisted of shelves loosely laid upon a common carter's cart, some were stronger structures, that could be taken to pieces and put up again. In this universal market everything conceivable was exposed to view. The staple, the most common wares, were things connected with clothing of every kind; piles of men's coats and waistcoats lay on the stalls; rows of legs invited the purchase of trousers. There were feminine things, frocks of all colours and every material, hats with immense feathers and hats without, bonnets of every style and fashion, ribbons of every hue; there were boots and shoes, masculine and feminine; there were slippers of cloth, green and blue and yellow cloth; there were boys' caps with red and gold decorations; there were smoking-caps in green and blue with gold tassels; there were socks and stockings and woollen shirts—the latter at a shilling each, which

should have made beholders weep salt tears at thinking of the sweated women who made them. Then, beside the clothing necessary in this cold climate, there were the things which make the luxuries of life: such as pipes, meerschaum pipes—sham meerschaum with sham amber mouth-pieces; cigar-holders in the same sham material; there was sham jewellery of the coarsest and commonest kind; bracelets, necklaces, brooches in sham gold with sham stones, glass rubies, glass emeralds, and diamonds of more than doubtful paste. There were again stalls for the sale of knives, forks, tools of all kinds; there were tables laid out with what looked at first like useless bits of scrap iron broken small; there were pictures, mostly the tawdry rubbish, coloured or plain, that is kindly exported from Germany, for the more speedy destruction of whatever artistic understanding that may be feebly struggling for life in the brains of the people. These pictures were framed in that beautiful and costly material known, I believe, as Dutch gilt or Dutch metal. Somebody buys these

pictures; one may see them in village inns: I believe that they are taken round the country by vans; I have even found them in seaside lodgings. There were stalls for selling account books, pens, paper, pencils. There was second-hand furniture exposed for sale, but of a kind which showed the extreme poverty of the young couple who would set up house with such a miserable collection of sticks—chairs that looked as if they would fall to pieces if a child sat on them, rickety tables which even when on view could not hold themselves upright, and wooden beds tied up in dirty bundles. Then there were stalls with things to eat—fish, sweets, cakes. And there was one stall on which were exposed for sale hundreds of photographs of beauteous maidens, for the most part in tights, smiling upon the swains inflammable who gazed upon them and longed for innumerable pennies so that they might buy them all.

The stalls were arranged in a double and sometimes a triple row, with gangways between them, so that there was a multiple

stream of purchasers and spectators continually flowing past them. The shops, to which many of the stalls belonged, were all open, and business seemed brisk in every one. The gangways were crammed with people: some came to buy; some came to look on; some might buy or not, as they were in the mood, or as they were tempted; all of them came to enjoy the life of it, the bustle of it, the gaiety of it. Those who sold were all—or nearly all—Jews. But among those who walked in the street there were as many Christians as Jews; most likely, a good many more, because nowhere can the Sunday morning be spent in more enjoyable fashion than at this Fair held weekly all the year round.

'Nice place, isn't it?' said Nelly, to whom the scene offered no novelty. 'Nice place for a young lady like you to come to, isn't it? Don't be afraid. Nobody will hurt you here; but look out for your pockets, you might lose your purse in the crowd. That's the worst that can happen. There's Christian thieves about. But you're among our People, here.'

Francesca paused to look about her; the crowd, in fact, stopped at this point, with one consent, to look at the antics of a Cheap Jack, who had got a pair of housemaid's steps, and standing on the highest step but one was exhibiting his wares and proclaiming their merits in a cascade of words full, strong, and without intermission. Whether he put on a great coat and turned round in it to point out its graceful folds, or whether he punched and pulled it to show the extraordinary strength of the material, the fellow never stopped talking for one moment. He was a true actor. Perched on his steps, he was not a tradesman, he was a benefactor; he was distributing blessings, not waistcoats; his face beamed with goodness; he had no thought of money; he was among friends; he made quips and jests for them; he received their gentle chaff, and gave it back strengthened, barbed, improved. The language, it is true, was rough he did not disdain to employ any adjective, however strong, if it helped the sense, or rounded a period, or emphasised his meaning.

The people below stood with upturned faces, each with a broad grin upon it—a broad grin and an open mouth.

'All that noise,' said Nelly, 'all that shouting and pretending for a few shillings! It is all he will make this morning. They are very badly off. I know the people. Yet he looks jolly with it. That is because it is the only enjoyment he has in the week—to get up on those steps and make a Tom Fool of himself. Let's go on.'

Francesca noticed that some of the stalls were kept by single men — or a man and woman—of poor and wretched appearance, pasty-faced, anxious-eyed, who offered their wares silently in the midst of the Babel.

'They cannot speak English yet,' Nelly explained. 'So many have come here of late from Poland or Russia. It's a dreadful thing for everybody else. Surely we were crowded enough already. Thousands have come over to run down the wages of our people. Oh! it's too bad. Our Board of Guardians are at their wits' end. Yet what were they to do?

Where were they to go? Poor things! Don't they look miserable? And they are so poor—oh! so poor and destitute, and so close to starving. Francesca, if you've got your purse with you, buy something—buy this pair of slippers.' She took up a pair made of bright blue cloth. 'You will never wear them—but never mind—look at this poor woman.' The woman, pale and thin, turned her sorrowful eyes upon the speaker, of whose tongue she understood not one word. 'Is it her fault that she is a Jewess? What has she done that she should be driven out of her country—Russia is her country, as much as England is mine? What has she done—this poor creature? Oh! It will be visited upon the Russians. The Lord will smite them, and that soon. You will see, you will see.' All the suppressed passion of her race broke out suddenly in Nelly's flashing eyes. 'The world shall see! No good ever came yet of persecuting the People. Emanuel says so. What has befallen Spain? Oh! we shall see. Come, Francesca, will you have the slippers?'

Francesca chose two pairs, and gave her purse to Nelly, who completed the transaction.

'There,' she said, with a little sigh. 'This day they will eat. They can now pay the rent of their room, and they will eat. They don't eat every day, unless it is a crust of bread. Do you think you know anything about poverty—you?'

'You spoke to them. Do you know their language? Is it Russian?

'No, they talk Yiddish. More than half the people here talk Yiddish. Sometimes Yiddish is Hebrew and German, sometimes it's Hebrew and Polish, sometimes it's Hebrew and Russian, sometimes Hebrew and Lettish. Theirs is Hebrew and Russian. I know a little of it. You can't come much into Middlesex Street without learning something of it. You want reality, Francesca—well—learn Yiddish, and talk to these people.'

Francesca turned to look once more at the hapless pair. A wan smile played upon the pale cheek of the man. The woman, while she arranged her poor cheap wares—

those gaudy slippers—watched the man with tender solicitude; her eyes resting on him: her very attitude showing her devotion to her poor, starving helpmate. She forgot that the woman could not understand a word of English.

'Oh!' she cried, 'can love comfort even you?'

'She doesn't understand,' said Nelly. She said something in Yiddish. The woman took her husband's hand, and smiled and said a few words in reply. 'She is happy with her husband,' Nelly translated. 'Why not? Man and woman are made for each other. There is nothing else.' She looked at Francesca, wondering, for the tears stood in her eyes. What was there to cry about? One starving couple? Then, in these parts, tears must be plentiful. 'There is nothing else in life—only love'—Nelly repeated.

They passed a little shop where feathers—ostrich feathers, large, bright-coloured feathers, and small dainty feathers—were in the window. The shop was very small; the window was old-fashioned, with small panes

of glass; the floor was two steps below the level of the street. The shop was full of girls, all talking together as loud as they could, and a woman behind the counter was talking with them at the top of her voice—wonderful that so much noise should be made in such a little shop! Outside the door stood the proprietor—a little man, fat and well nourished, dressed in good broadcloth, with a silk hat. He was smoking a very large cigar, and he had a word to exchange with everyone who went into his shop or came out of it, or stopped to look in the window.

'Why,' he cried—it was a rich, full voice, with a good deal of the racial 'brogue' in it—'if it isn't actually Nelly! How are you, Nelly, my dear? It isn't often you come here of a Sunday morning. How's your father, my dear? And how's business? Step in, my dear'—he addressed a girl who stopped. 'Step in; hats and bonnets, my dear, this morning—hats and bonnets—lovely! Such a show you never saw before! Step in and see for yourself.'

'I haven't seen father for a good bit. But he's always away this time of year. How are you, Lewis?'

'Is there anything in my way this morning, Nelly?' Here he observed her companion, and instantly recognised the hat she wore. 'My!' he cried. 'What a hat! Oh! WHAT a hat!!! There's nothing in here, Nelly—nothing at all, that your friend could so much as look at with such a hat as that upon her head. It's Truck, that's what is in there,' he whispered; 'Truck, compared with such a hat,' he gasped, 'such—SUCH A HAT! But there! it's good enough for them. WHAT a hat!' He kept returning to Francesca's hat, the sight of which in that street, and at that time, filled him with amazement. For, you see, he knew ladies' hats and ladies' bonnets, and everything that belongs to ladies' costumes. 'It's all Truck, in there,' he repeated, 'don't look at it. Not but what if you come along some Sundays there might be something better. To-day it's hats and bonnets, next Sunday something else. Always

something new. Another surprise every week. That's the way, isn't it, Nell? My word, though, WHAT a hat! You come next Sunday, Nell, and bring your friend, and she'll see what I shall have to show. I say, Miss, if you don't know the inside of Madame Clotilde's, in New Bond Street, my name is not Lewis Lazarus. And Peter Robinson—unless it was Marshall and Snelgrove—had something to say, I reckon, to that frock, if I know things when I see them. WHAT a lovely hat! Two guineas that hat cost if it ever cost a penny! Two guineas! Oh! I know Clotilde's hats.' He sighed as at a vision of the Unattainable. 'Come next Sunday, Nell! How's the old man?'

'We are going to see him directly? Is that Rebecca in the shop?'

'There she is, my dear. All the week, while I'm getting ready for the Sunday sale, she stays at home and keeps house. Little Isaac keeps shop then—but, bless you! there's no takings all the week. Middlesex Street only wakes up on Sunday morning. Then

Rebecca comes here and sells the goods while I stand outside and pull 'em in. That's a Most lovely Hat, Miss—Nelly, you'll find the old man chirpier than ever. Last night he came down as soon as shop was opened after Sabbath, and smoked his pipe in the shop with all the people looking on. It must be a great comfort for him to see everybody looking on. A BEAUTIFUL Hat! Smoked the pipe through, he did, and knocked the ashes out on his thumb-nail before they took him upstairs again. There's a man for you!'

'We'll come on Sunday next, Lewis—perhaps.'

'Well, and about that lovely Hat. It's much too good for us here; they'd say it wasn't fine enough, but I know what it cost. See, Miss, if you care to think of it. I've got a little brooch of pearls. Oh! most beautiful pearls. I think we could make a swop. I don't know what you gave for it, but I know what Madame Clotilde got for that hat. Two guineas was not above the mark, I should say, when that hat was first bought.'

Nelly nodded and laughed, and drew Francesca away. 'We'll talk about the hat another time,' she said. 'He is my cousin,' she explained when they were out of hearing. 'Lewis is my mother's nephew. He does very well; though, to look at him on a Sunday morning, with his beautiful clothes and his cigar, you would think he had nothing on his mind at all. The whole week through he's at work, buying cheap for the Sunday market, and contriving and inventing all the time, though you'd think he did nothing but get fat and talk to the girls. He knows what people want, you see. That's his secret. Oh! He gives it away. "Find out what they want," he says, "and give it. That's all the secret. Don't persuade 'em. Don't teach 'em. Give 'em what they want"—And the money they take in that little shop would surprise you. He'd like to get that hat of yours for his pearl brooch, I dare say. But he sha'n't. Cousin Lewis is desperately sharp and clever. But he sha'n't get over you, Francesca. Not that you want his pearl brooch.'

At this point they were stopped by the crowd. Francesca looked around. Just at this point the people seemed to be all talking that strange, soft foreign tongue that Nelly called Yiddish—and it was a dreadful, a terrible crowd to look at. The men were stunted and dwarfed, pasty-faced, narrow-shouldered, hollow-chested. They were mostly young, but there was no spring of life in their appearance, or in their faces; they were joyless faces; they were dull eyes; they looked, as they were, half-starved.

'You can do nothing, Francesca,' said Nelly. 'You needn't look at them like that. You can do nothing at all. These are the poor creatures come over here to drive low wages lower. They've all got wives, because they marry at eighteen, and the women are worse off than the men. You can do nothing. Oh! Francesca, what's the use of crying over them?'

CHAPTER XX

THE OLD OLD MAN

The crowd dispersed a little, and they went on. 'Here's the place,' said Nelly, 'and here's Grandfather.'

It was a second-hand furniture shop: in front a few things had been put out on the kerb, things apparently calculated to deter people from looking any closer. The shop itself was full of sticks of all kinds. The proprietor stood at the door, looking over the heads of the people. He was a fine tall man, his black hair greying but not yet grey, apparently about fifty years of age: a man of somewhat haughty appearance, he looked as if he would disdain to harangue the multitude, or to invite them to buy his goods. This was the unsuccessful Grandfather, parent

of Angelo the wealthy. The crowd went up and down, but no one seemed to enter his shop.

'Well, Grandfather,' said Nelly, 'how are you? I've brought a friend to see the old man. How is he?'

'He keeps up wonderful, Nell. Glad to see you, Miss. Take your friend upstairs, my dear. He went out in a hansom cab for an hour the day before yesterday, Rachel went with him, and he smoked his pipe down here in the shop when we opened last night, and drank a glass of beer afterwards for all the world to see. Wonderful! That's what they all say. Now, if every one that stopped to look at that old man yesterday had planked down a shilling for the show, a ten-pound note wouldn't have bought the money. Run up, Nell.'

The first floor front was the family best room. Here, in a chair with a high back and shoulders as well as arms—a chair designed to keep off draughts—sat an old—old—very ancient man. Never a tall man, his

figure was shrunken to the dimensions of an ordinary boy of twelve, so that for comfort he kept both feet on a high footstool, and had cushions at the back and sides of the chair for padding and support.

There was a small fire burning in the grate, though the day was as warm as one can expect in July, and the windows were shut, which was as well, considering the noise in the street below. The old man lay back in the chair, his eyes closed, half asleep. He wore a cap of green cloth with a gold tassel, which looked as if it belonged to one of the young men outside with a booth, rather than to this ancient one. But he still loved colour—a bit of colour and brightness. On the table beside him lay a Hebrew Bible, open, with a pair of spectacles upon the page; a clay pipe was also on the table. Two girls sat with him in the room sewing some stuff, which looked as if it was intended for the cover of a chair or sofa. The girls looked up—smiled a welcome, nodded, pointed to the old man in the chair, and held up warning forefingers.

They were pleasant girls to look at, not unlike Nelly herself—small of stature, with calm and serious faces, housewifely, trustworthy, industrious, what we call, when we are very serious, *good* faces.

'Is he asleep?' whispered Nelly. 'Some day he'll go off like this, in his sleep, from weakness.'

'He won't go off for want of support,' said one of the girls. 'We watch him—he is never left alone; we give him food all day long—little and often. He nods and dozes for a bit, then he wakes up lively again. He's always like that.'

'Look at him, Francesca!' said Nell. They bent over the chair. The old man lay like a child, breathing so lightly that only by the gentle rise and fall of his chest one could tell that he breathed at all. His face was less wrinkled than one would expect at so great an age; but the cheeks had fallen in and raised the cheek bones, and given greater prominence to a long and straight

nose; his eyebrows were bushy: he wore neither beard nor moustache: on his deeply-sunken lips hovered still the survival of the seal of his race; that seal which never leaves the lips of the Hebrew.

'Look at him,' said Nell, 'he was born in the year 1789, a hundred and three years ago. Perhaps he is the oldest man in the world. At all events, he's the oldest man in this country, and he's my great-grandfather.'

'He looks terribly old,' Francesca murmured. 'Is it any happiness to live so long, after all that one has loved have gone?'

'Why, he loves his children, and his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren. Rachel and Milly here—my cousins—are with him all day long to look after him. He can read his Hebrew Bible with spectacles; he eats and drinks well, and he's naturally proud of being so old. It's like standing on a tower above all the rest of the world, and we're naturally proud of him. All that makes him

happy. All he wants now is to keep on living, and I'm sure I hope he will.'

'He's as happy,' said Rachel, 'as a man can be, except for a little weakness. He can't do things as he used to, of course, and sometimes he groans a little, because he never could make any money. I tell him that the Lord doesn't bestow all His gifts on one man. To grandfather, here—we call him grandfather for short—the Lord has given health and long life, and many descendants; grandsons who have prospered and grown rich, like Uncle Angelo, and daughters and granddaughters to work for their husbands and all. Oh! he has had great, great gifts. He must not think of grumbling.'

'All the same,' said Nelly. 'He has been very unlucky in his money matters. We must own that. Some men touch a sixpence and it turns into half-a-crown. As for this poor old man, when he touched a sixpence, which wasn't often, it turned into a penny. He'd lived in the house where father and grandfather and everybody was born for

seventy years and more, always with his shop open all the time and little in it, and no money taken. There's been time enough for some men to make half-a-dozen fortunes. But there, as Rachel said, we can't expect everything. He's had his share in other ways—a good deal more than his share. But he never could make any money.'

'Nor grandfather either,' said Rachel, 'nor father for that matter. Uncle Angelo's got the luck of the whole family, and your own father, Nelly——'

'Oh! Father is up one day and down the next. He doesn't mind much. He likes the ups and downs, too. When he's up he enjoys himself. It's champagne all day, then. When he's down he waits till he gets up again. Hush! There he is awake again.'

In the middle of this girl's chatter, the old man opened his eyes and raised his head and looked about him. Perceiving the presence of a stranger, he straightened himself feebly and waited to be addressed.

'Well, grandfather,' said Nelly, 'you remember me, don't you?'

'Ay, ay—you are Nelly; they call you Nelly. But you are Preciada—Preciada. It was my own mother's name. That's a long time ago, though—a very long time ago since my mother died; eighty years ago.'

'This is my friend, Francesca, come to see you.'

The old man nodded and lifted his heavy eyes. Then a strange thing happened, for upon his face there fell suddenly a glory as of sunshine, and he sat upright in his chair, strong and straight, clutching the arms with his long bony fingers. 'It is Francesca!' he cried. 'Oh! it is—it is Francesca! You!—you!—you! have come to see me again after all these years? I thought you dead long ago—dead. I haven't seen you, Cousin Francesca, for eighty years and more, and now you have come again. Oh! my sweet Cousin—my dear Cousin—my pretty Cousin—not changed a bit—not a bit'—it was strange to hear such words of endearment from this poor

old withered wreck with his shaking voice—'always the same beautiful girl—the same beautiful girl! Ah! but they didn't know it—they couldn't guess. There were no Venetian beauties outside the Ghetto to compare with those within! We kept them within. They never showed their faces outside.'

'He remembers something,' whispered Nelly. 'You have reminded him of his young days, Francesca. I have never seen him like this before. Why, he looks fifty years younger.'

'His mind wanders now and then,' Rachel explained. 'It is strange, though. He has gone back ever so many years. There's a something in your friend's face that reminds him of some girl he loved. To be sure, she is one of the Sephardim, herself. She is one of Us.'

Francesca thought it needless to keep on explaining that she was a Spanish Moor.

'It isn't your cousin Francesca, grandfather,' Nelly cried. 'It's my friend Francesca Elveda.'

'No, no, it is Francesca Albu. Always pretty and sweet, Cousin Francesca. Doves' eyes are within her looks—her lips are like a thread of scarlet. A garden enclosed—a spring shut up—a fountain sealed—is my cousin—my Francesca.'

'I suppose,' Nelly whispered, 'it's some girl he loved. Dead, she must be, long ago. You must be like her, Francesca. Strange that you should have her name.'

The old man went on murmuring. Then his eyes dropped. He was conscious, in some vague way, that he was mixing up the past with the present. The girl's face brought back the past so vividly that he thought it was his cousin herself, still in her lovely youth. He was confused. A man so ancient has little hold of the present. So he shut his eyes and waited till the vision of the past should disappear.

In a few moments he opened his eyes again. He had come back to the present. It was only a modern young lady he saw now, not his cousin, Francesca Albu, at all.

'Ah!' he said, smiling faintly. 'It does an old man good to see a lovely face. Just now, you almost reminded me of my cousin, Francesca; she must be long since dead and gone. Ah? And old and toothless, too, before she went, I dare say, poor thing! You've got her face, though, her face. You are exactly like her. What is your name, my dear?'

'Francesca Elveda.'

'Yes, one of Us. I have heard something about the Elvedas. Where? Never mind. I shall remember some time, I dare say. When you get to a hundred——'

'A hundred and three, grandfather,' said Rachel.

'A hundred and nearly four,' the old man went on proudly, 'you remember a surprising number of things.'

'Tell the young lady about the Grand Army,' said Rachel.

'I remember Venice very well.' The old man was not to be hurried. He was working his way to the Grand Army. 'I remember

the city where I was born. My cousin Francesca was born there, too—my cousin Francesca—oh! so fair and sweet. I remember Francesca. We were not Italian Jews. They've got softer voices than we who came from Spain. We were in Spain for two thousand years: we went there before the time of the Maccabees. Oh! Ours is a very ancient family. We've had great men in our family, in the old time. But I was born in Venice.'

'I have been to Venice,' said Francesca softly. 'I know its canals and its palaces.'

'But you don't know the Ghetto.'

'Yes, I have seen the Ghetto, though there are no longer Jews in it.'

'I was born there. It was a narrow kind of place to live in, I remember. We had to live there. But the French Revolution came. Children, if we remembered the Ghetto as we ought, we should add another to the Hundred Benedictions, and one more prayer to the Eighteen, in order to praise the Lord for the French Revolution which threw down the

walls and let us out. I remember when the French came into Venice—what year was it? I forget. I was a boy of ten or eleven. First we thought there would be nothing but ruin and more misery for us. We hadn't much, but we should lose our all. Well! there was no disaster at all for us, but quite the contrary. For the Ghetto was thrown open. Blessed art Thou'—he held up his hand as one who prays—'O Lord, our God—King of the Universe! who settest the people free. For that I have always loved the French.'

'Do you remember Napoleon Bonaparte?'

'I have seen him three times, Napoleon the Great—who overthrew the Kings and opened the Ghettos all over the world, and set the people free. I saw him at Moscow and I saw him afterwards—twice afterwards I saw him. There was never any man like him. Sometimes I am sorry that I brought so much bad luck upon him. But it was not my fault.'

'Oh! But how could you—a simple boy—bring bad luck to so great a general?'

'I don't know. Bad luck comes in many ways. We can't always keep it off. And he was a Gentile and unprotected. There are no charms to protect the Gentiles. Some people never have any good luck for themselves, and bring bad luck to everybody they keep company with. I was one of those persons, though I knew it not.'

'What makes you think that you brought bad luck to Napoleon?'

'It wasn't by intending it. I didn't know it. I only found it out afterwards. Yes—yes—I didn't know. I thought the French the greatest people in the world. And so, when I was eighteen, I joined their army. Not to fight. No! Not to fight. I had a cask of brandy and a hand-cart for all my possessions, and I followed the army with these. Oh! For a man born to be lucky it was an excellent way to begin. After a bit the cask became a wagon. I thought I was going to make my fortune. That was my thought, not to bring bad luck on Napoleon at all—not at all, why should I?—but only to make money.

As for my brother, he went to Spain, and there after a time joined the British Army in the same way, and got on fast, and took contracts and grew rich—rich—oh! so rich. Well, why did he get rich, and why did I keep poor? He had luck, and I had none.'

'So,' said Francesca, 'you were a camp-follower to the French Army, and you brought bad luck upon it? Did you ever see any battles?'

'Battles? Why, child, I was with the Grand Army. I went to Moscow with the Grand Army, and I came back with all that there was left of it. Napoleon never had any bad luck at all till I brought along my wagon-load of brandy. Oh! what a disaster!' Never in the world was there such a disaster!' He stopped to shake his head.

'He will talk about that all day long, sometimes,' said Rachel: 'his mind gets full of blood and slaughter and starvation, when he talks about that time.'

'What an army that was!' he went on. 'Five hundred thousand men, with their

artillery and their baggage wagons, and their horses! Austrians and Italians, Germans, Poles, and French, all in the same army. What an army! I came after, walking along beside my own wagons filled with stuff for the thirsty soldiers. Oh! I did very well, I can tell you, very well—very well—all the way to Moscow. As for the camp-followers, they were there by tens of thousands. They sold drink, like me; they came with music and singing, and they ran over the battle-fields when the victory was won, and robbed the dead. But on the way back they all got starved or shot, and the money they'd made was carried off by the Cossacks. It is a long time to remember, eighty years ago. I must be the last man living who went to Moscow with the Grand Army and got home again. As for my beautiful wagons and my horses, and my money, everything was lost at Beresina, where we lost so many thousands of men. Everybody knows how many soldiers were killed, but nobody stopped to count the dead camp-followers. After Beresina there

was no more order. Napoleon left us. There were no longer any officers. The men fell down and were frozen to death. We fought for food; we devoured horse-flesh; we burned whole houses to keep us from being frozen. We were so wretched that the enemy disdained to make us prisoners. It was sufficient for them that we were flying from their territory. Some of the soldiers went mad with the cold and the starvation. What a time it was! What cold! What privations! What misery! Napoleon never recovered from that disaster. He was ruined, and so was I. Yes, children, if the Grand Army had been successful I should have been a rich man, and you should be all great ladies.'

'And then you would never have lived so long as this,' said Rachel; 'because you can't expect to get everything.'

'Perhaps not, child. But my wagons—my beautiful wagons! I got them safely as far as Beresina, and there I had to leave them. My beautiful wagons! Only think. They were loaded—not with brandy any longer,

but with gold and silver cups, chains of gold, boxes full of gold, and rings, and precious stones. Some I had got for myself when we pillaged Moscow. Most of the things I bought of the soldiers for drinks of brandy. A diamond brooch for a couple of glasses; a diamond ring for another glass; a gold cup for its contents in brandy. And all—all—all had to be left. That was the bitterest moment of my life—to leave my all behind me—to have to exchange my fortune for my life.' He shook his head mournfully.

'We can't have everything, grandfather,' repeated Rachel the Comforter. 'See what a splendid long life you've had, and think what you can remember!'

'Oh! It is wonderful,' said Francesca, 'to talk with a man who was actually in the Grand Army!'

'Yes. I've helped to sack Moscow. And I saw Napoleon when he began the Retreat. He looked stern and hard. For he knew what was before him. We didn't know, and I thought I should get my wagons home as

safely as I had brought them. I thought the French were invincible. Ay! I remember the burning of the city—oh! yes—and the soldiers running about everywhere. I remember.' He dropped his head, and was silent for a few moments. 'I remember that day very well indeed. Down in the tombs of the Czars we found a young lady—a sweet and innocent young thing she was—frightened well-nigh to death. We did her no harm, but we took her to one of our Generals. Afterwards I saw her in the Retreat—all in rags—bare-footed, bare-headed, and frost-bitten. Her long hair was flying wild—her poor face, that had been so pretty, was haggard. I saw her flying with the soldiers. I saw her fall headlong in the snow. We swept past and left her there to die. Poor thing! Poor thing! They all died—all of them—they all fell down—those poor things—in the ice and snow, and died. And nobody pitied them, because we were all flying for our lives. Poor thing! When we found her she was a pretty thing—a very pretty, innocent, timid thing.'

Francesca shuddered and changed the subject.

'You remember Waterloo as well?'

'Yes—oh, yes. I was there. I had gone back to the cask and the handcart. I saw Napoleon the day before the battle, and I knew how it would go, because his face was like the face with which he left us after Beresina. Disaster was written upon it. Disaster and defeat. I trembled, thinking of my cask—the only thing between me and destitution. There was another dreadful misfortune! Napoleon fled when it was all over, and the British troops rode over the cart and all, and I had to fly for my life. So there was an end of Napoleon, and of me too, so far as the army went. I went soldiering no more—to be sure there was no more soldiering to speak of—and so I came over here, and got this shop, and here I've been ever since. Oh! I could tell you a great deal more about the Grand Army. Come and see me again and ask me questions—I remember the King of Naples and all the

other Kings and Marshals and Generals. Come again, children, and talk to me—I like talking. At a hundred and nearly four, there isn't much left except to talk now and then.'

'Is he tired? Shall we go?' for the old man closed his eyes again.

'No,' said Rachel. 'Let him rest for a moment. That is all. Then ask him more questions. We think it does him good to talk and think. If he stops long without talking he becomes lethargic, and that isn't good for him.'

Francesca looked round the room. It was crammed full of furniture of all kinds. On a sideboard there were three or four great glass bowls as big as punch bowls: there was a cabinet in a corner which would have looked well in a West End House—her mother's house—on the walls hung family portraits which might have been used to illustrate the Art of Photography from the earliest times—the epoch of the great Daguerre—to these modern days. It looked like a place in which there had been a long accumulation of the things which the unbroken family life heaps up.

Here the women had worked, as these girls were now working, for eighty years, always youth and age, children and grandchildren. Downstairs the surviving son stood in the family shop to sell the furniture: within, the quiet family life, humble and harmless: outside, the noisy, brawling crowd. All this going on from day to day, from week to week, from year to year, with no change other than the slow approach of age, a birth and a death, the departure of a daughter from the rule of her father to the rule of her husband.

'I've been in this same house,' the old man opened his eyes again and took up the thread of his discourse, 'ever since I came here in 1815. I borrowed the money of my brother to set me up. That's the last I ever saw of my brother. He was in great luck. He made a most wonderful great fortune. I came here in 1815. The quartern loaf was one and elevenpence farthing and tea was fifteen shillings a pound. Oh! I remember well. Here I married. And I've had sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters,

great-grandsons and great-granddaughters. Some of them have grown old and died. But I remain. And I remember everything. Oh! I am so old—so old—so old.' He feebly rubbed his hands and chuckled.

'Don't mind asking him questions,' said Nelly. 'He's wide awake now.'

What could this old man remember since 1815, compared with what he remembered before that date? What event would such a man, living in such a street, carrying on such a trade, in a way so humble and so obscure, be likely to remember? But Francesca asked him timidly if he took any part in politics.

He shook his head. 'No; politics were not for me. I hadn't a vote at all till I was past seventy. Besides, I had my business to attend to. No politics for me. But I remember,' he said, 'when the first Jew was made Sheriff of London: he was David Salomons—afterwards Lord Mayor of London. That was thought a great day for Us. And I remember when Sir Moses Montefiore was made a knight. That was thought a great

day, too. And I remember when our People were admitted to the House of Commons. But no politics for me; no, no.'

'Have you forgotten your old language—the Venetian talk?' Francesca spoke to him a few words of that soft *patois*.

But the old man shook his head. 'We used to speak like that, I remember. But I cannot tell what you are saying. It is eighty years and more since I heard that language.'

Francesca desisted. What could the old man have to remember? Nothing but the little life of the crowded street, with the hopes and anxieties of the small trader; nothing, except for his brief and adventurous experiences as a camp-follower, and the bad luck that he brought upon the unfortunate Emperor and Conqueror, to whose army he attached himself and his misfortunes. Nothing but the little mean life among the *petites gens* low down in the world. No art, no literature, no culture, nothing that makes the higher and the nobler life. What could he remember—this poor old man? Even a daily paper had

not been one of his necessities. What could he remember that was worth inquiring into?

Do you know how, at some moments, the words we use seem not to be ordered in the usual fashion, by brain and will, but by some outside influence? This happened at this moment to Francesca.

'You are a very old man,' said Francesca. 'Your life, since you came here, has been happy, in spite of your ill-luck?'

'Surely—surely. To live is happiness. Thank God, I have always been happy.'

'What has made you happy? You have had no success in your business, such as you call success. You wanted to make money, as your brother had done. And you could not. You should have been unhappy.'

The old man pointed to the girls. 'They have made me happy,' he said. 'These girls and their mother, and their grandmother, and their great-grandmother, have made my happiness. The man does the work and the woman makes the happiness. The man makes the money and the woman spends it for him. All

the happiness is made by the women at home for the men who work.'

'He's always been a stay-at-home,' said Rachel. 'Never happy except in his own chair with us about him.'

'The woman always obedient to the man.' Francesca made this foolish remark because of the dispute that was continually going on in her brain. It was, however, ill-timed and out of place. She repented the next moment.

For before her eyes there arose a vision of four generations—a dozen families—all glorified and made happy by the women who took their place in the household lower than the men, yet without rebellion—all made happy by the women. These four generations might stand for all the generations since the world began, this being the Divine Order according to these simple people. They were quite humble; they were quite poor; but their lives were made happy for them by the dévotion of the women—mothers and wives, and daughters and granddaughters. As were these, so were thousands upon thousands

around her. Francesca thought of the half-starved people who could speak no English, and tried to sell their blue and green cloth slippers; she remembered the look of dependence one upon the other. It takes but a moment of time to think of these things. Her heart was touched; her eyes filled.

The girl Rachel looked up surprised at the remark, and at the humid eyes of the speaker. 'Obedient?' she asked. 'Why should we not be obedient? What happiness can there be for a woman except to obey her husband or her father? You wouldn't, surely, expect us to work for ourselves, would you?'

'No—no—I only meant——'

'When we all work for each other we are all happy. You ought to know—you—that our people make the happiest families in the world. Why? Because everything is ordered with us according to the Law of the Lord. The father rules and the wife and children obey. Christians are miserable because they will not acknowledge the Law. Yet it was meant for them as well as for us—for us first—

for them afterwards. And as for this dear old man, what would we not all do to keep him alive and happy?'

Francesca got up. 'Thank you,' she said to the Patriarch, 'I hope that you will live many years—yet—many years,' she repeated, taking his hand, 'many years in full possession of all your faculties, and with your great-granddaughters around you to keep you happy.'

'Ah!' His face lit up, and he pulled himself upright. 'If it please God. If it please God. There is nothing like long life, is there? Come again, my dear. You are like my cousin—you are like Francesca—my dead cousin Francesca Albu, whom I left at Venice—my cousin—so lovely and so sweet. Ah! I was young then. I loved her—and you—you—you are like her.' His eyes closed and his head dropped.

CHAPTER XXI

A LESSON IN LIFE

'It doesn't seem right to be calling you plain Francesca,' said Nelly, washing up the cups and saucers in the morning after this visit to the Patriarch.

'Oh! But why not?'

'Because you are so rich, you know, and we are such little people.'

'Nonsense. Let me help you with the tea-things, Nelly. To think that this is the first time I have ever washed a cup and saucer in my life, and you've been doing it, I suppose, every day. Now, then, I will take these cups—so—and Nell—Nelly—it is such a pretty name, isn't it? Fancy our living here in the house together and calling each other Miss! Miss Bernard, may I wash

another cup for you? Besides, I hate the word Miss. Why are the English names so ugly? Mister—Mistress—Missis—Miss? No wonder the English people are so fond of titles. One would give a great deal to escape being Miss or Missis. I should like to be Lady Francesca. I think, as I never mean to marry, that I shall go back to our old Spanish way, and call myself Señorita until I am thirty, and then I will become Señora.'

Francesca was animated and interested. She spoke with a return to the old cheerfulness with that personal dignity or reserve which never left her. She belonged to that class of women—perhaps the highest and best—who can be cheerful but are never childishly light-hearted. The frivolities of conversation or of life attract them not. Even in early maidenhood, when life is fullest of enjoyment, they are never carried out of themselves.

'We are Spanish too,' said Nelly. 'And Nelly is not my proper name. Most of us have names which we do not use. But, of

course, you have heard. My true name is Preciada—Preciada Albu.'

'Oh! Preciada. The old man called you Preciada yesterday. I thought it was only a term of endearment. What a pretty name! The Señorita Preciada Albu! Why don't you write up your own name on your window card instead of Miss Bernard? Preciada! Yes, I know the name.'

'Clara's real name is Polisa, the Lady. That is pretty too. I wonder what yours is?'

'Plain Francesca. Nothing more.'

Nelly shook her head doubtfully. 'They ought to have told you,' she said. 'They've told you nothing. Shall I tell you some other names? I think no people have such pretty names as our People. There is Leucha, which is Leah, you know; and Reyna, the Queen. Clara tells me that you have a servant named Melkah, which is the same thing. They turn Melkah into Amelia and Milly, and Emily. Just in the same way they turn Beyt-Shevâh, which the Christians call Bathsheba, into Betsy and Bessy and Bess. But that is chiefly

among the Poles and Germans. Then, some of our Spanish girls are called Estella, Oro, Perla, Luna—you couldn't possibly have more loving names, could you? Because, you see, though there is no rejoicing when a girl is born among us, our fathers are just as fond of their girls as any other fathers.'

'It is a very pretty custom. But again, why do you call yourself Nelly Pernard instead of Preciada Albu?'

'I don't know why. A great many of the People trade and live under assumed names. I suppose it is because in the old times there was so much hatred and persecution. Father won't call himself on the Turf by his own name, and he wouldn't like me to put the true name on my door. It doesn't matter, and there is something pleasant and mysterious in having your true name behind. It's like being a noble lord in disguise, isn't it?'

'Perhaps. Now the breakfast things are washed and put away'—they were kept in the cupboard—'what are you going to do next?'

'Well, if you are to have any dinner to-day I must go and look after it. I thought of a beefsteak pie, if you could fancy it. You could? Then I must go and make it.'

'Oh!' The maiden of many hotels stared. 'You make—you really make—yourself, your own things to eat? Nelly, I have never in my life seen anything made. May I look on?'

'Never seen anything made? Why, how in the world—don't rich people have kitchens? Don't you look after your servants?'

'No. Somebody else does that. We have a housekeeper for the purpose. In hotels I suppose there is a steward or somebody.'

'You never saw anything made? Did you believe' — Nelly laughed merrily — 'that puddings and pies grew on trees like fruit?'

'I never thought about it. I really do begin to see that things must be made, else they couldn't be brought up. You see, Nelly, I lived for seventeen years in hotels, where certainly no one ever asks how things are made. And when we went into a house of

our own, a housekeeper was there to look after everything for us. It's a kind of hotel, only that all the rooms are private rooms, and we invite the people to our table d'hôte at eight. And then, of course, there is the Magic Knob.'

'What is the Magic Knob? I never heard of a Magic Knob.'

'It was the present of a Jinn,' Francesca explained gravely. 'He gave it to me when I was a baby. He looked, I am told, a very benevolent old Jinn when he called, bearing his gift, but I now begin to doubt his kindness. For I think he meant mischief all the time. There are such Jinns, you know. He brought me a Magic Knob for his gift—quite a simple white button of a thing—and laid it in my cradle. "Place this Knob," he said, "on the wall, wherever the child is living. Teach her, whenever she wants anything, to press the Knob, and to ask for it. She may ask for anything—houses, carriages, dinner, amusements, friends, anything. All she has to do is to press the Knob." Did you ever

hear such a kind old Jinn? It is only for us Orientals, you know, that Jinns do these things. I suspect that it was a Jinn who taught you how to play the banjo so beautifully. Your banjo is, perhaps, better than my Knob. Well, you may be quite sure that they made haste to teach me the properties of the Magic Knob, and, of course, I was quick to learn how to use a gift which provided such wonderful things. I have it still, this Magic Knob. But I purposely left it at home. I press it with my thumb, and, eccolo! whatever I want comes up the lift.'

'I understand,' said Nell. 'You're so rich you have only to ring the bell. I like this kind of talk, Francesca. I could never put things in that way. You ought to write a book. A Magic Knob!'

'That is the meaning of my little apologue. Here there is no Magic Knob, and my Jinn is no use to me.'

'Here,' said Nell, 'if we want anything we have got to make it for ourselves. Just as I am now going to make the pie. And if

you can't afford to buy the materials, want's your master, as they say. That's why I haven't got a silk frock. And now, if you like, we'll go down into the kitchen.'

She led the way down the narrow stair; Francesca followed, expecting a gloomy vault. She found herself in a small, well-lighted basement room. There were shelves with plates and dishes: bright dish-covers hung on the wall; the place was curiously clean and bright.

'This is my kitchen,' said Nell. 'It's only a little one, but it is clean at any rate. And now I'm going to get the things ready.'

'Strange!' said her visitor, 'that I have never seen a kitchen before. I suppose big kitchens are like little ones, since the same things come out of them.'

There was in the kitchen a girl of fifteen or so, a slip of a girl, who evidently represented the Service. Her name was Alma: she wore a white apron like a nurse, and she had big eyes. She stood staring at the young lady who had never seen a kitchen before.

When she fully understood the strangeness of this experience, she began to laugh continuously. This did not interfere with her assistance. She placed on the table a basin with flour, a plate with dripping, another plate with a piece of steak upon it: a slab of wood, a rolling-pin, the salt, and pepper, and other ingredients. Then Nelly washed her hands, turned up her sleeves, and began while Francesca looked on.

'Oh!' she cried. 'It really is interesting. This is how the pie-crust looks before it is baked: and this is the meat. Nelly, don't you think we shall remember how dreadful it looked before it was baked? Shall we be able to eat any?'

'It doesn't look half so dreadful as the meat that other people eat. This is Kosher—our own meat. You won't find it look dreadful at all when the pie comes up. Now, Alma, the pepper.'

'To think,' said Francesca, 'of one's want of curiosity! I never before in all my life asked myself how things got made. If I

wanted pie I pressed the Magic Knob, and pie came up the lift. It makes things so real—so real'—her voice dropped—'just to feel that things have got to be made by hands. That deceitful Jinn! Everything was part of the machinery. Boots—I suppose they have to be cleaned. And toast has to be baked, and beds have to be made.'

'Everything's got to be made,' said Nelly, 'and by my hands too, unless Alma helps.'

'Nelly, while I am here, will you let me do whatever you do in the house? May I take my share?'

Nelly burst into loud laughing. 'Oh!' she cried, 'you know nothing; you think everything comes by wishing or asking, or pressing your Magic Knob. You *couldn't*, Francesca. There's your hands to consider, first of all. You've got the loveliest, whitest hands in the world.'

'Never mind my hands. Tell me what I can do—what you do.'

Nelly sat down, her hands and arms

white with flour, for the pie was nearly completed.

'Well, now. Let us consider, Alma does the scrubbing. She cleans the windows and the doorsteps, and washes the stairs and scrubs the kitchen floor, and brooms the passage. Alma takes the water to the rooms. Alma scours the pots and pans. Alma cleans the knives and boots. Alma washes the vegetables and peels the potatoes. Alma boils the kettle when there is no fire upstairs. You've no idea what a lot there is to do, even in a little house like this. Alma's a good little maid,' Nelly added, with severity, 'though she's got the bad manners to laugh before strangers.' Here Alma, who had been giggling before the visitor, was reduced to tears and hanging of head. 'I do pretty well all the rest. I make the beds; I dust the parlour. Sometimes I lay the fires; I look after the curtains and things. I make and mend the linen, I buy the dinner and make the puddings: I lay the cloth while Alma brings up the things; I wash up the tea things; and I teach my pupils, and

make my dresses. What would you like to do of all this, Francesca? What could you do?'

'I believe, if you teach me, I could make my own bed. Everything that one makes for oneself must feel so very truly real.'

'It is real, sure enough,' said Nelly. 'Very well, you shall have your own way, and now the pie may be left to Alma—not too fierce a fire, child—and we'll go upstairs again.'

'Did you see'—resuming the talk, upstairs —'anything you wanted yesterday?'

'Oh! yes. Why, I saw your great-grandfather and his household. And I saw outside all those people.'

'If you want to go slumming, you can. But what good can you get by seeing poor miserable people?'

'Supposing one was so hard-hearted as not to wish to see them; not even to feel any pity for miserable people.'

'Why should you pity them? They have brought themselves to it. If they'd work harder and would drink less, they would not be there at all, I suppose.'

'But the women. At least,' said Madame Elveda's daughter, 'we ought to pity them.'

'The women are worse than the men. Don't talk to me about the women. They are horrible to look at. And their language is enough to make you sick.'

'The children, then?'

'Well—perhaps—I don't say. You may pity the children as much as you please. It would be best to take the children away from their parents as soon as they were born. There! Father says it's with men as with horses: the breed is good or bad. Down there it's bad. Emanuel says it is the Law. Wickedness has got to be punished somehow or other to the third and fourth generation. Down there they're mostly in the second or the third—the worst place, you know. Take the children, then, and try if you can teach them to work. But the ladies, who poke about in the slums, don't mean to take the children or to do anything. They just like dabbling in dirt.'

'Don't let us dabble in dirt. Let us see

the average life—the common life. It has been outside me all along.'

'If I was you I would keep it outside me,' Nelly replied, incredulous of the ills attendant upon riches. 'Common people, to begin with, must be disagreeable, because they are always wanting things they can't get.'

'Well, but, Nelly—you who know the working girl—you are surrounded by working girls—you must surely feel pity for her.'

'Not a bit,' said Nelly, stoutly; 'we've all got to work unless we've got money. Work keeps 'em out of mischief. A pretty time we should have if these girls went trapesing up and down the road all day long with their ulsters and their yellow feathers.'

'Well, but their long hours and their dreadful pay.'

'How are you going to prevent long hours and bad pay? There must be long hours and bad pay unless you fix a price for everything. What you can't help you had better let alone. The best of them will get out of the hole somehow.'

'Oh!' Francesca grew feeble. 'The women are so oppressed——'

'Women oppressed? Not much. Not if they know it. If you want meekness go to the men. Look here, Francesca, I've seen your mother's book. Clara lent it to me. I've only read a bit—the bit I know, the bit about these parts.'

'Well, it's all true, isn't it?'

'I dare say. But, you see, she's made a great mistake.'

'What's that?'

'She's only left out the Man. That's all. *Left out the Man.*'

'The book,' said Francesca severely, 'dealt with the condition of woman, not of man at all.'

'It's this way. She didn't understand. The women and the men must be taken together, not separate. If the women are badly paid, so are the men. The women get the worst of it because they are women, which is natural. But you must take the man as well.

It isn't the condition of poor women, but of poor men and women.'

'Yet women work apart from the men.'

'Sometimes. But their work is all part of the work that men do as well. You must take trade as it is. There are foremen in this street will tell you that wages have got to go lower and lower still if the work is to be carried on at all. How can you help low wages?'

'I don't know, I'm sure. I thought——'

'Your mother doesn't know anything about it, Francesca. Excuse my speaking so. But she doesn't when she talks of the women as if they were separate from the men. As for me, I am ever so much more sorry for the men, because they want so many things that we can do without.'

'No,' said Francesca firmly. 'Woman is the equal of man.'

'Is she?' Nellie laughed derisively. 'What would father say if I were to get up and tell him I was his equal? What would that old man of ours say if he were to hear

such a thing? What would they say in synagogue if a woman was to get up in the gallery and tell the congregation that a woman is as good as a man? Francesca, you are another Lilith. What? You don't even know about Lilith? I thought all the world knew that story. It's only a children's story with us. Lilith, you see, was the first woman made. She was made before Eve. And she was given to Adam for his wife. But when she found that she would have to obey her husband she rebelled. She rebelled against the Law. So she was driven out of Paradise and became an Evil Spirit. Then Eve was created, and she understood that she would have to obey, and she did obey—she and all her daughters to the present day. But Lilith hated her, and would have destroyed her if she could. And ever since she has been trying to destroy Eve's children as soon as they are born. We keep her out by a black line of charcoal drawn all round the room. Evil spirits cannot cross the black line. There, Francesca, that's the story of Lilith. And mind you take warning.'

CHAPTER XXII

LOVE AND MADNESS

FRANCESCA finished her letter. It was to Harold. She had promised that the little episode already recorded should make no difference in her letters. But, when she read this letter over before consigning it to its envelope, she perceived that there was a difference. Something had gone out of the letter. Now, if you dictate to a shorthand writer, you will understand what Francesca felt. Something goes out of a letter when it passes through another hand. Something of yourself goes out of it. The dictated letter is an impersonal thing—a cold thing. She felt that her letter was cold. The soul of it was gone. Why could she no longer write to him in the old familiar way? She perceived

the change, and it worried her. Harold would think there was something wrong.

She addressed her letter, however, and put on her hat, proposing to take it to the post. She was so much occupied with her thoughts that she did not become aware, until she reached the last stair, that there was a manly voice—the voice of an angry man—upraised in wrath, and that it was accompanied by crying and sobbing. Both came from the parlour. The man's voice she knew not. But the crying and the sobbing she coupled with the name of Nelly.

She hesitated a moment. Then she threw open the door and looked in. Alas! Nelly was sitting on the sofa, her face in her handkerchief, crying and sobbing in a most lamentable manner. Before her, flourishing his arms, flushed, angry, accusing, stood a young man. Then Francesca remembered. This must be the young man whom Nelly could not marry.

'Oh!' cried the angry young man, his voice trembling with passion. 'You've made

a fool of me. I've got the lodgings and bought the things, and told the landlady and all the fellows. Everything is ready, and you go and throw me over at the last moment. What are you made of? What are you made of, I say?'

'Oh! Anthony!' the girl cried. 'Oh! Anthony, you are so cruel.'

'You're a flirt; you're a jilt; you're a false, lying, worthless wretch! I ought to be glad to be rid of you. And I am, too—I am. I'll go and throw myself into the river. My last words shall be that you done it—you—it was suicide, on account of a faithful love and a false girl. It will be on the bills. "Romantic Suicide! A False Mistress!! A Constant Lover!!! Inquest!!!! Verdict!!!!!"' His voice rose with gloomy satisfaction as he considered the glory of this end. 'All the same, you're a jilt. You lead a chap on and on. You tell him that you love him. You let him put up your name at the Registry; you let him buy the furniture, and then you throw him over at the last moment. Well, I'm

going'—but he did not move. 'You can tell the fellows to fish me out of the river Lea below the works, where the water's green with chemicals, and it's certain death only to tumble in. I shall be dyed green. You can tell 'em where to look for me, and what to look for. A green body, tell 'em—green.' He looked as grim as he could manage. 'And you'll remember all your life what a banjo-player you've destroyed. You—with your religion and stuff! If a girl loves a chap, what does she care about her religion, especially when it's a mouldy old synagogue?'

Then he perceived Francesca, and stopped short.

'I am very sorry,' said Francesca. 'I did not know, Nelly, dear, you were in trouble.'

Nelly looked up, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Oh! Francesca, I have been foolish. I let him come here, and I was afraid all along that it couldn't be. I ought to have stopped him before. Now I know it can't be. It's too much to ask of any

girl. But I encouraged him. What am I to say?'

'Couldn't be!' echoed the young man. 'Why couldn't it be, I should like to know?' He caught her roughly by the wrist.

'Let me go!' cried Nelly, springing to her feet. 'Francesca, tell him I am not so heartless as he thinks. It was a foolish dream. Tell him that it is impossible. Let me go, Anthony. Tell him he must not come here any more. I can't bear it. Tell him, Francesca.'

She tore herself from the young man's grasp and ran out of the room. Had Francesca observed it—she left the door ajar—had anyone outside, say Emanuel, observed, he would have seen her stop outside the door to listen, whether in hope or despair I know not. But she did listen. She was not above listening. And her listening, as you will learn, changed her whole life, and caused things unnumbered. For, as the moralist has often assured an unheeding world, we never know what is going to happen.

Nelly listened; she checked her sobs; she bent forward and then she listened. And this is what she heard, and what went on which she did not see.

Francesca remembered the words of Clara about Nelly's love affair; impossible love affair she called it. This, then, was the lover, hearing for the first time that the thing was impossible. She felt pity for the unfortunate young man. He took his disappointment so very bitterly. Unlike some young men who, when they hear that a thing is impossible, laugh and go off with a smile on their lips, this young man stood trembling with emotion; a tear—only one—ran down his flushed cheek, his lips trembled, his head trembled, his hands trembled, his eyes flamed with anger. She felt more pity for him because, in this way of showing his anger, he betrayed the weakness of his character. He was a good-looking young man, dressed in last year's Piccadilly fashion, light hair that curled all over his head and features, which, had they been stronger, would have made

him a handsome man; his figure was slight, but in stature he was sufficient.

'Well,' he said, roughly, 'what's the good of your interfering? Can't Nelly manage her own affairs? You are one of the precious cousins, I suppose, that she is so anxious not to leave. A lot of good you are to her—you and the rest of you.'

'I am not one of Nelly's cousins, but I am a friend of hers.'

'Very well, then. I suppose you think it's a fine thing to draw a man on and then to make a fool of him. Why, all the fellows know about it. A fool of me! That's what she's done. She's been out with me: she's walked with me: she's been to the Theatre with me: she's been to Chigwell and to the Forest with me: she's taken my presents: she's asked me to tea—here: she's introduced me to her cousin. Oh! And she said she loved me. She said she did. And now she throws me over.'

'I think you are very much to be pitied, Mr. ——. Pray what is your name?'

'My name is Hayling—Anthony Hayling. You must have heard my name,' he added, 'in connection with our local Parliament. I speak there. I am acknowledged to be their best speaker.'

'I fear you have been treated very badly, Mr. Hayling. But you see that Nelly herself acknowledges this. She says she is very sorry. Can't you understand that she did not quite realise what it meant?'

'She knew that I wanted to marry her. What else could it mean?'

'Yes—but she did not understand—well—how much you wanted, and besides, she did not understand what her marriage with you would mean! Can you not make allowance for her now that she does understand?'

'No—I can't. And I won't!'

'Let us sit down and talk the thing over quietly! Take the sofa, Mr. Hayling. Pick up your hat. Now, let us talk reasonably. You know that if Nelly married you she must give up her father, her cousins, her friends, her religion—everything. She must go to

you quite alone, without a friend in the world.'

'So she says.'

'This is a great thing to ask a woman to do for you sake, Mr. Hayling. Do you think —let me ask you seriously—that there is any woman in the world for whom you would do so much? Think—to give up all your friends —everything—for the sake of a woman?'

'Women are different,' said the chivalrous lover.

'Well, then, since you must acknowledge that it is a great thing for her to do, what are you going to give her in return?'

'Give her? Don't I tell you that I am going to marry her?'

'That, I understand. But again, if you propose to begin by robbing a girl of those things which she can never replace—never—never—for the early friendships and the ties of blood, if you break them, leave a blank that cannot be filled up—I say then—what are you going to give her in return for this sacrifice?'

'Give her?' he repeated. 'I am going to marry her, I say. Isn't that enough?'

It was no use. Against this sublime vanity no question or reason or argument could effect anything. 'You believe,' said Francesca, 'that a woman may make any sacrifice—any—and that you more than repay it by condescending to marry her.'

'I don't know what you mean by condescending.'

'Never mind. After marriage—we will suppose that she thinks the price paid fully compensates—you expect, I suppose, your wife to obey you?'

The young man smiled, superior. 'I should like to see the woman,' he replied, 'who wouldn't obey me.'

'Quite so. And just what I expected. The woman is the lower animal, you think.'

'I don't know about lower. But of course she's got to do what she's told.'

'Yes. And about this bargain. The girl has thrown over everything in order to marry you. In return, you give her—Yourself.

Have you got anything else to give? Money —prospects—anything? How are you going to live?'

'I've got quite as much to begin with as any other fellow. Thirty shillings is not such a bad screw, and Nelly can make as much herself, and more, at her own work.'

'So you expect her to contribute her share towards the housekeeping?'

'Of course I do.'

'Her bargain therefore is this. She gives up everything—friends, and religion, and all —in order to marry you. She continues her own work: in addition she obeys a new master. She takes care of your household and your clothes and things in addition to her own: and she has to consider the possibility of children. What do you give her in return? Yourself. Mr. Hayling, I think you value yourself at a very high figure.'

Mr. Hayling laughed. 'Girls are all the same,' he said. 'What's the good of talking about bargains? What do girls think about bargains, and exchange, and all that rot?

They want their fancy; they want no other girl to get him. Nell would have ME. That's all she wants to make her happy. If you knew ME, Miss,' he added modestly, 'I think you'd say that was enough for any girl. Suppose, now, just for argument, that you were in love with me.'

Francesca pushed her chair back. 'We will suppose no such nonsense, Mr. Hayling.'

'Oh! It's just as you like. All I meant was this. What's the good of asking about the bargain? When a girl's in love, I say, she doesn't stop to consider the bargain. She wants the man all for herself, and not for any other girl to get him. That's what she wants. And what I say is that Nelly was in love with me, and I believe she is still, only she's frightened by you, or somebody like you, about giving up this and that. Let her come to me, that's all. I'll be religion, and father and mother, and sister and brother, and cousins and all. I told her cousin Clara so, three weeks ago. Only let her come to me. Work for me? Of course she will.

And joyful to do it. If she wouldn't, another girl would obey me? Of course she will, and joyful too. If she wouldn't another girl would. You're a girl yourself, and you can't pretend that it isn't true. Have you ever been in love? You are turning red. Then you have. And you know.'

This speech certainly put the case with elementary simplicity. Where was equality? Where the equal rights? Every kind of sacrifice expected of the girl: of the man nothing. And to give up everything for the sake of this insignificant little clerk! In her innocence, Francesca had thought that girls should be wooed and won. But that girls should be willing to do everything and give up everything, in eagerness to be married, in order to prevent other girls from getting 'the man of their fancy'—oh! 'Of their fancy!' —this was new to her. She also thought that if a man should win a girl, there should be gifts, great gifts, all that a man has to give —that is, not only money for the house, but the distinction of intellect and ability, and

station. But here was a man who could bring his wife nothing—nothing at all—except himself.

She repeated this last remark aloud.

'And quite enough too,' said the young man. 'What more could a girl expect?'

If this is all, where, again, is the equality of woman? Who can do battle for such women as these? What if they do not desire even the assertion of their own equality?

'You think, Mr. Hayling, that any girl would be honoured by your attentions?'

'Come to that,' he replied, 'though you sneer over it, I think she would. See here, Miss—I don't know your name—Nelly hasn't told you much, I see; she hasn't told you that I am not only a clerk in the works. I've three strings to my bow, and all of them good strings, strong strings. I'm Parliamentary. I speak in our Parliament. I can get into the House if I like. After that you'll see how I'll run up the ladder. Then I can sing and play the banjo. If I should go on the boards there's a fortune. And I'm scientific;

in a chemical works I know how things are made! You shall see, if you like, what I can give any girl who marries me.'

'I am afraid, Mr. Hayling, you underestimate the difficulty of rising in the world.'

'You don't believe me? Well, I can't make you believe me, but if you'll come some evening to our Ladies' Gallery, or if you'll hear me play and sing—— I can't show you here, because I've done with this house and everybody in it.'

'You are very kind, Mr. Hayling. I only wanted to make you understand that you must not be so selfish as to expect such a sacrifice from Nell. As I seem to have failed in making you understand anything of the kind, I think you had better go.'

She pushed back her chair and rose. He, too, rose, and stood before her, and in his face there was gathering an expression which disquieted the girl—no girl can fail to perceive the meaning of a certain look in a man's eye. To be sure, there is a vast gulf between such a one as Harold Alleyne and such a one as

Anthony Hayling, yet the expression of the eyes was the same with both.

'Enough said, Mr. Hayling. You had better go.'

'Wait a bit. We're off with the old love, ain't we? That's done with. Nelly may go and be hanged for all I care. There's as good girls in the sea as ever came out of it. She's done with. Well, I don't care. I've seen a girl I like better, and that's you, Miss—what's your name? Something pretty, I swear. Come, now. You can't hurt Nell, because she's given me up of her own accord. I have told you who I am and what I mean to do. I don't care twopence about her any longer. She's made a fool of me. If you'll take her place, you can.'

Francesca placed the chair between herself and this wooer and laughed. She was not even angry: she laughed. Take the place of Nelly beside the little clerk? She laughed aloud.

'I thought you'd catch on,' said the young man desirable. 'They always begin by

laughing. Come now. Shall we say next Sunday? Nelly? Why, she isn't fit to hold a candle to you. I never saw much in her at any time, only she was so fondling, you know; she made me take pity and——'

Here the door burst open violently and Nelly herself rushed in. She was the jealous woman. She interposed like a goddess out of a machine to stop the triumph of the other girl. Flames visibly darted from her eyes: her cheek had a red blot on either side as big as half-a-crown; she gasped: she panted: she caught her heart with her hand. She was that creature so seldom seen in more cultivated regions, the woman ungoverned and ungovernable—wounded in her affections and in her self-respect.

'Oh!' she cried. 'Before my very eyes! In my own house! No—I won't have it. I won't endure it! Go!' She turned to Anthony: 'Let me never see your hateful face again! Oh! You would drown yourself for a girl one minute, and the next—oh! And you——' She turned fiercely upon

Francesca. 'You! Oh! You would take my lover from me?'

Although she had ordered Anthony out of the house she did not apparently expect him to obey, for she threw herself between him and Francesca, and now turned upon the latter, her hands clenched, panting, raging, maddened. Fortunately, Francesca had the protection of the chair which had first served her against the fickle youth.

'He isn't worth it, Nelly,' said Francesca, calmly. 'After this, at least, you ought to send him away and despise him.'

Nelly wrung her hands. She could not be jealous of this calm, cold girl who looked down upon the faithless lover with such a scorn. She burst into crying and wailing. 'Oh!' she moaned. 'I wish I was dead. I am so miserable. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?'

'Come away with me, Nelly dear. And forget that such a man exists. He will find another girl in an hour or two, I dare say.'

'Oh! no—no—no—I cannot.'

Anthony Hayling turned airily to his old sweetheart, laughing. 'Suppose I knew you were behind the door all the time, Nell—eh? Suppose I knew I should fetch you with pretending. Why—— Do you think I'd make real love to a stand-off, stuck-up girl like this girl here? You ought to know me better, Nelly. There's no nonsense about me. It's an arm round your neck,' he suited the action to the word, and drew the girl gently, and —— Francesca looked to see her tear herself away. But no, pride and love cannot dwell together: that is an old, old saying. Instead of indignantly tearing herself away, Nelly sank on her knees—actually on her knees—before this shallow, hare-brained pretender, who, one minute before, had been ready to take on another girl, and had actually seriously proposed to begin a new courtship with the other girl, and in her hearing, too. She sank upon her knees, and she caught his hand and kissed it. 'Oh! Anthony,' she murmured, 'Anthony! I cannot live without you. I will give up everything—friends, and

home, and religion, and all—and I will go with you. Oh! Anthony, only forgive me—forgive me!'

He raised her. He placed her weeping on the sofa. Then he folded his arms, and, looking up at the corner of the ceiling, as they do at the Pavilion Theatre, he said grandly, 'Nelly, thou art forgiven!'

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SEAL OF JACOB

It was morning—the morning after the storm. Calm—a sweet and holy calm—followed the storm. The only signs of the recent tempest were shown in the downcast eyes and shame-faced cheek with which Nelly busied herself among the cups. Emanuel sat silent, full of thought—who would tell him of such a trifle as a woman's jealous fury and a woman's love? Francesca in her morning greeting tried to throw forgetfulness over the last night's scene, but she succeeded imperfectly.

The silent breakfast was finished. Emanuel rose as if to leave the girls, but changed his mind, and turning to Francesca began to talk.

And the talk became a discourse, and the discourse became a sermon—and the sermon ended with a discovery and a gift—the reverse of an offertory. Why should not the preacher if he chooses preach among the tea-cups?

He plunged at once into the subject.

'You saw,' he said, 'on Saturday at synagogue and Sunday in that street—perhaps for the first time in your life—perhaps you understood what you saw—but I think not—the faces of a fallen people. Nothing fills me with so much sadness as to walk and talk among these unfortunate exiles of Poland and Russia, and to mark the degradation of the type.'

'They looked very miserable,' said Francesca.

'Their degradation is stamped upon their faces, on their figures, on their bearing, in the very tones of their voices. Take the face—the mean, insignificant face—mark the low cunning in their eyes; you cannot choose but to despise the face. But find some pity for

him who owns it. Try if you can to restore that face to its original type.'

'What is that type? I cannot restore it unless I know it.'

'Every face, however distorted, may be made to show the original mould from which it has been disfigured. The mould of those poor little Polish Jewish faces is not unlike your own.'

'Oh! but I am not a Jewess.'

'We will speak of that presently.'

Emanuel left the table and began to pace the room, as if motion helped him to put his thought into speech, stopping from time to time to deliver his message. Nelly bent over her cups and saucers, and made no sign of attending at all. Francesca sat with folded hands, answering only when the speaker seemed to expect some word of reply.

'The original mould of the face,' he went on, 'was the same as your own. What that mould actually was when it left the Creator's hand—how perfect—how beautiful it was—no man can comprehend. We are commanded

not to make any graven image, nor to worship any graven image. Why? Because so wonderful is the power of the human face and the human form, even imperfect and degraded, so marvellously do they set forth and proclaim the spirit that lies beneath, that long ago, were it not for this law, we should have stayed the growth of the soul by an imperfect comprehension of the body. We cannot understand, we cannot realise, the first and perfect face of Man. This the Rabbis, in their wisdom, signified when they feigned fables about Adam's colossal stature. Think of it, Francesca. According to our belief, the first man was made after the image of the Creator. He, therefore, who can understand the face and form of the first man, is as near unto the Creator as Adam himself. His face was changed by the Fall. But something of the Majesty Divine was left upon it, to reappear in the faces of the Prophets. Between the face of Adam and the face of the little starving Polish Jew, how great a gulf! Perhaps,' he added, critically, 'the nearest

approach to that type remains, as I have said before, in such a face as yours, Francesca.'

'Oh! But this is too great a thing to say.' Francesca blushed, though it was not an idle compliment. 'Why in my face more than in yours, Emanuel?'

'Because you are a woman and a maiden pure and holy. But never mind yourself: think only of that type—the true face that belongs to the Chosen People. Draw up in array before you all the types in the world—the English, the French—but there is no French type—the Spanish, the Italian, the Russian, the Red Indian—everybody. Take the noblest form of each and compare it with the noblest form of our face. Refine and raise that face. Make it fit for the highest spiritual level which you are capable of understanding, and you will begin to approach to the original type from which this poor Polish face has fallen. There are two theories: one of man fallen to rise again after many struggles; the other of man advancing—whither? Both end in the same: the Achievement, or the Recovery

of the man made after the image of God. The story of Adam may be an allegory or it may be exact history. In either case the lesson is the same. In one theory man's face, like his spiritual nature, has changed so as to be hardly recognised; in the other, it is slowly changing from the lower to the higher types. I prefer the theory of the fallen Man. I look to see his face become again, more and more, however slowly, the face of Man before he fell.'

'And you mean that all these poor creatures whom I saw on Sunday ought to bear that face? They are far enough from it now.'

'They are indeed. But take the face of one.' He took out a pocket-book and rapidly sketched a face. By the dexterous placing of a line here and a curve there he produced a face which for meanness, servility, and abject degradation was fearful and wonderful to contemplate. It seemed the lowest depth possible. 'No,' said the artist, 'there are lower depths still. See now. What was it

—a touch to the lips, a curved line—which gave that face the seal of the People? We are not so low down as this yet. Some of us have been sinking into this hell—but I think we shall sink no lower. Nay, we are rising out of it. The face is beginning to go back again with the new freedom of the race. Francesca, for more than a thousand years this race has been cowering within the city walls. Only within the walls of the city has there been any safety for them. They were forbidden to hold land, to study, to practise any profession, to join other men in any pursuit: the most ignoble trades were assigned to them; abject humility was exacted of them: they were made to live in a separate quarter; on the slightest pretext they were robbed, tortured, and murdered. For more than a thousand years, I say, ever since they began to live in French and German towns, they were so treated. They were always poor, abject, despised, the victim of countless insults. When you see again such faces as you saw on Sunday, Francesca, remember

that they are produced by thirty generations of persecution—relentless—persistent—such as the history of the world cannot parallel. No pen has ever adequately treated the sufferings of our People: no race has ever endured so much and survived so much. "How long, O Lord?" Hear the cry of thirty generations!—"How long, O Lord, how long?"'

'Look at this face,' he resumed, after a pause. 'You see what it is, and how it has become what it is. Suppose the long line of generations began with the noblest face that ever graced the earth, what would it become after these thousand years of such debasement? What would it become, I ask you? Nay, that you have seen—let us ask, rather, what it may become. See!'

Then with a few touches of his pencil he began, little by little, to restore that fallen and degraded face. 'See, Francesca. Here is this man's great-grandfather. He is a poor creature, is he not? You saw the like of this man on Sunday morning keeping a stall for

the sale of shirts at a shilling apiece. A poor creature, yet better than his grandson has become under similar conditions. Here is his great-grandfather—we have gone back five hundred years. His head is larger, his look more noble, but full of sadness. Here is one of the same stock; he was murdered by the first Crusaders on their march across Germany. The time is almost the beginning of the Ghetto and the slavery. He holds his head erect; he has not yet lost his dignity; you would think him some stout burgomaster. The face has regained a something—has it not?—of the finer mould. Here, again, you have the ancestor of your poor little decayed Jew in the time of the Romans; he is a learned Rabbi, one who fiercely divides the Law. Perhaps his name is the Rabbi Akiba, whose living body will presently be torn to pieces by iron hooks.'

'It is a noble face,' said Francesca. 'But, Emanuel, it is your own.'

That was so. In tracing back the debased features to their original type, Emanuel

unconsciously produced a rough portrait of himself.

'Is it mine?' he asked, smiling. 'Then it is yours, too. See. Here is the feminine form of this type.'

It was, and Francesca saw her own face beside Emanuel's. 'It is strange,' she said. 'But the Moors are Arabs—Western Arabs—and the Arabs are the children of Ishmael.'

'The type is that of the warrior—the commander — the conqueror. Remember, child, that the Israelite was a warrior. He fought, he conquered, he settled down—the conqueror among the conquered, who tilled the fields for him. The Israelite in all ages has loved power above all things; his greatest punishment, therefore, has been his state of poverty and weakness. He who above all things longs for power—who would be lord and king, has been reduced to the level of the lowest slave. Hence those faces that you saw. Now they will recover their ancient form. Everywhere, except in Russia, the

world is open to our people; we are free to develop as we choose. The reproach that we live for money-getting will gradually cease. Our better spirits everywhere strive for better things. Not in a day, or a year, or a century, will the character of a people be changed, for to destroy the walls of the Ghetto is not to transform the residents. But how many of us already have stepped into the free air outside, and know a larger life! Already, I think, the faces show signs of a return. Child,'—his voice sank—'I tell you a new thing. When we speak of our ancestors we speak of ourselves; when we speak of our descendants we speak of ourselves. I will show this to you at another time—the life that your father and your grandfather lived is stamped upon your face: you will transmit to your children your own history—the history of your deeds and your thoughts. Watch the crowds that pass along the street: consider the dull and heavy faces of most, even of the young men—they show the dull and sensual lives of the father and

the grandfather. One or two more such lives and they sink to a lower stage: they plunge into the depths where they lie in the hell like sheep, for the third and fourth generation. As is the face, so has been the life. As is the father's life, so is the son's face. It is a careless world, child: the living think not of the dead: nor do they praise the memory of those who saved them from those lower depths. Look at me, child—face to face—full face—So—Yes—your father was a man of thought and study—perhaps your grandfather as well.'

'My father was a man of science. His father and his grandfather—all the race—were scholars and men of science.'

'So I could read in your face, Francesca. Well, consider the People a little more. On Saturday last you saw the most ancient worship now existing in the world. Without that worship the People would long ago have been dissolved and mixed with the nations around them, as the Franks were dissolved and mixed with the Gauls, and the Romans

with the tribes around them. That worship keeps us together. It has been hedged around and protected by the greatest jealousy: the most minute rules have been framed for its preservation; it is our bond of union. All over the world on the Sabbath the same prayers are chanted, the same Law is read. In some little humble synagogue of an Abyssinian village the poor Jews—the Falashas—gather for this same service as their brothers in a stately Temple here or in Paris. It is the ritual of our religion that keeps us together. The Christians, too, have their religion: has it availed to keep them together? The Moslem has his religion: does it bind together in bond of brotherhood the Sunnite and the Shiite?'

'I heard your service for the first time on Saturday last.'

'Our service, as perhaps you understood, is a Celebration and a Rejoicing. It celebrates the grand Triumphal March of Man under the guidance of the Cloud by day and the Pillar of Fire by night. There is nowhere else—in

no other Religion—to be found a service fuller of rejoicing and of Faith. The Christian's is a service of abasement. Every act of worship with him belongs to the Day of Atonement. He trembles before the Judge. The Jew feels no such terror. To the Day of Atonement belongs the humiliation of the sinner; to the Sabbath belong the singing and rejoicing of the children in the presence of the Father. You could not fail to recognise that rejoicing in the service, though you knew not the words.'

'Yes, it was full of joy.'

'It is this service which binds us together. As for our religion, it rules every action of our daily lives; it gives us a common ritual for every day. We are never left without the Law; it is with us from the moment that we rise to the moment that we fall asleep; none of us can live without the Law. It is objected that the Jew is bound by useless and trifling rules: so many prayers to be said on such and such an occasion, so many benedictions every day to be pronounced, so many laws

to obey. Very well. Why all these details? When the Law was given it was to a rude and ignorant people; they had to be separated from all other nations and kept separate. The only way to effect this was by a code of laws which should make them feel every day and every moment that they were so separated. They must be bound so tightly that there should be no escape. Some of the rules are trifling, yet it is by trifles that habits are formed. There are six hundred laws which the Jewish boy must learn: it seems a needless multiplication of laws, but every law is another rope that binds the People together, and by daily practice these laws become a part of the boy's nature: he obeys until he cannot choose but obey. By the daily Law, by the weekly services, as well as by the persecution of his People, the Jew has remained a Jew. Heap miseries upon him: pour contempt over him: cover him with shame: he remains a Jew, obedient to the Law all the week and triumphant, always triumphant, on the Sabbath.'

Francesca inclined her head—without speaking.

'These miseries—this contempt—have been heaped upon the heads of a People to whom the world owes everything that has lifted it out of the mire. Think what the Christians are now, and what they have done compared with the followers of Buddha, Mohammed, or Confucius. Yet they owe everything—what they are and what they have done—to the nation they persecute. Try to imagine what would the world be were the Hebrew books destroyed and forgotten and all their influence expunged from the civilisation and thought of the world? Imagine, if you can, the English-speaking race, the most religious in the world except ourselves—because they have assimilated our Books—without the Psalms of David, the Wisdom of Solomon, and the imagery, the poetry, reached by no other poetry in the world, of our Prophets. Our Commandments give the Christian a rule of conduct; our Law gives him a day of rest—that priceless gift! All

the virtues of the Puritan, his courage, his obstinacy, his morality, came straight from us. What would the English Milton be without our literature? What the English Shakespeare? More—much more—the world may still receive from our Law if it will. There are a hundred things in our Law which the world would do well to adopt and to obey. You do not even know your own Law. Take the Year of Release. Have you ever heard of it? Do you know what it means, the Year of Release? On that year all debts were to be cancelled. He who had pledged his lands received them back; the slave was set free, the debtor was discharged. This was our Law. Devise, if you can, any better means of repressing the greed of riches and preventing oppression than the Year of Release. Again, the world will some day receive our Law concerning food fit for man. We obey that Law. As a consequence we live longer, and are more free from disease than any other race. I have heard of the Patriarch whom you visited yesterday. He is a Jew: he is a

hundred and three years of age. It is not wonderful to me that he has lived so long, because he is a Jew. The Christian dies at seventy: the Jew lives to a hundred years.'

Again he paused. Francesca made no interruption. He walked about the room for a minute or two, thinking. Then he began again upon a different branch of this great subject.

'We have been a great people in the past. We shall become a greater people in the future. I have spoken only of the Hebrew Scriptures which rule the western world. All that the Christians know of the Jews is what they read of them in our sacred books which they call their own. But there is another part of the Jewish history of which the world knows nothing. We were dispersed, but we were not everywhere persecuted and humbled. We found homes around the Mediterranean, beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, in India, even in China. All the learning of the Babylonian schools belonged to us. The civilisation of the Persians was ours. For a

thousand years we had our king in Babylonia, the Prince of the Captivity; for six hundred years there was a great Jewish kingdom in South Arabia; our scholars, none other—kept alight the lamp of learning. But for us even the literature of Greece and Rome would have perished. Our people — my ancestors and yours — were statesmen, physicians, astronomers, scholars to the Moorish kings of Spain; even at Oxford there were Halls—Moses Hall, Lombard Hall, Jacob Hall—where our Rabbis taught Hebrew to Christian scholars.' Now, as he spoke, his eyes lit up, his cheek glowed; he was carried out of himself, and he carried with him the soul of the girl who listened, with glowing cheek and parted lips and eyes filled with a new and strange light. For this man held her with the triple spell of voice and eyes and intensity of earnestness. Never before had she encountered a man of earnestness so deep, and faith so profound. Faith? This child of no religion had never before met with any faith at all. 'Think,' he went on, 'of the great

men of modern times; what nation in the world can boast a greater string of names than ours? Think of Maimonides, Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Heine, Philipsohn, Oppert, Jessel, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Rachel, Grisi, Bernhardt, Sylvester, Disraeli—why, with what a leap and a bound do they spring to the front when the wall of the Ghetto is thrown down! Poet, lawyer, painter, actor, statesman, physician, musician—there is not a branch of learning, art or science, in which the Jew is not in the front rank. The thousand years of oppression have left no mark upon his mighty spirit. He steps from the lowest depths, where all the world flings mud upon him, straight to the front, and he stands there. "Behold!" he says. "Thus and thus have I done. Give me, too—ME—a place among the immortals! Other races have been persecuted and despised. What have they done? Nothing. Parsee, Czech, Basque, Wend, Celt, Cagot—what have they done? Nothing—nothing. It is not for nothing alone in our degradation that we

were the Chosen People. Wait—this is but a beginning—wait some fifty years. Then the reign of the Jew will begin. First in Western Europe: then in America. He will control the finance of the world, and he will lead in literature and all the Arts. For as we have been brought so low in the day of humiliation, we shall be exalted so high in the hour of triumph." '

He paused. He had been speaking without apparent excitement in a low voice. But his eyes were flashing when he stopped.

Francesca bowed her head. She could not tell him how much his words had moved her.

He sat down beside the table. He leaned his head upon his hand, and he spoke in an altered voice. 'To me also,' he said, 'it has been given that I should do a great thing. Yes—to me. It is so great a thing that I am oppressed with it. I brought it here—to London. I would give it, I thought, to my friend, Harold. To the young man who loves you. It shall be his—the glory of it and the

fame of it if he chooses. To me it is enough to know that this great thing—the great thing—this most wonderful thing—should have been discovered by one of the race of Spinoza and Maimonides. I will tell you, Francesca, when I tell Harold—because he loves you.'

He was silent awhile. Then he rose and stood over her, and said, quietly, 'Why is my daughter ashamed of her own People?'

"But I am not one of the People, Emanuel. You are all determined to turn me into a Jewess. I suppose I have something of the Jewish look. I have heard men in Paris say as I pass, "Elle est Juive." It is the Oriental look. I have told you already, Emanuel, I am a Spanish Moor.'

'Who taught you that story?'

'My mother. My father, who is dead, was a Moor by descent. The family rose to great things in Spain; they held offices of State: they were rich: they were ennobled. It is said, but I know not how far this is true, that, though they openly conformed to the

Catholic Faith, they remained secretly Mohammedans.'

'Why,' said Emanuel, 'all this proves what I say. There were never any secret Mohammedans, but there were Jews in secret, families which for generations secretly practised the rites of their old religion, obeyed the six hundred rules, read the Book of the Law once every week, and held the Feasts and the Fasts. And they were never discovered; or, as some say, they were so highly placed that none dared to discover them. One such family was my own. Another, I believe, was yours. Tell me—your mother taught you to call yourself a Spanish Moor. Is she, then, a devout Catholic?'

'No. She belongs to no religion, and goes to no place of worship at all.'

'Then you have no brother or sister. What do your cousins say?'

'I have no cousins at all. I am alone in the world, except for my mother.'

'No cousins at all? Had your father no cousins? Had your mother no cousins?

Were both of them actually the last of their race? This would be most wonderful that a man the last of his race, with no kin at all, should marry a woman the last of her race, with no kin at all.'

'I do not understand what you mean, Emanuel,' she replied, changing colour.

'You have no cousins. It is all quite plain. Either your father or your grandfather, for some reasons of his own—let us not inquire—left his People. When he left them he left his religion, his friends and his brothers, sisters, cousins and all. What does it mean that you have no cousins? That your father left his People, that you have been taught to call yourself a Spaniard—which is true—without doubt—and a Spanish Moor, which is, perhaps, true in so far as your People, like my own, may have been in the Peninsula ever since the occupation of the Moors. But, Francesca, you are a Jewess. My child, you are a Jewess—a Jewess!'

'No; it is impossible. Why should my own mother deceive me?'

'Because, doubtless, she was herself deceived. Moor or Spaniard matters nothing. The intention was that the separation should be complete. You were never to know even that your descent was from this People, so illustrious and so persecuted.'

'No. It is impossible,' Francesca repeated. But her face turned pale, and her eyes spoke of doubt.

'You were born, like the rest of the world, into a whole family of cousins, with common kith and kin and a common history. You have not been allowed to know of their existence. You were placed in the world quite alone, because even a mother cannot supply the companions of your own age and your own kith. What has been the result, the effect of this isolation upon you? Why are you here, sitting with us? The world has become to you like some unreal show, a mummery, a masque enacted for you to look down upon from your hotel windows. You have told me this. Nothing was real to you because you were separated from the world.

Thus are the laws of Nature vindicated. Thus was a noble woman in danger of being ruined. Spanish Moor? Oh! Vain delusion! There are no Spanish Moors; Spanish Jews there are in plenty; the Sephardim are a multitude. I am one; Nelly, this child, who is by real name Preciada, is one; Clara, her cousin, is one; and their ancient great-grandfather is one; and, Francesca, you are one. Nay'—for Francesca shuddered and shrank back with pale cheeks—'do not be ashamed, child. I have shown you that we are a People—a great People—with a glorious past and a glorious future. I have shown you what we have done for the world, and I have shown you what was once and will be again the type of the Chosen People. You are still ashamed?'

'I think of that poor degraded face, Emanuel. I am ashamed to be ashamed. But yet—oh! it is impossible. Why should I be deceived?'

'There is one thing more. I do not know whether it will move you. Yet the love of ancient descent is an instinct with us. Re

member that there is no nation in the world which can show genealogies so long. The Bourbons and the Hapsburgs are but as mushrooms compared with us. It is fifteen hundred years since my forefather, who had wandered all the way from Babylon, set foot on the shores of Spain: we have our genealogy preserved through all those years. There is no Royal House in Western Europe that can go back in line unbroken for so long. It is a line of scholars and men of science. My House—perhaps yours as well—is more ancient than any of Christian Europe. Yet even at the time when that ancestor arrived in Spain his House was ancient and even royal: for he was a son, or grandson, of the Resh Gelutha himself—the Prince of the Captivity—the King of the Babylonian Jews. Nay, he was also a descendant of King David himself. When your grandfather, or your father, left his People, he left his brother and his cousins; he abandoned pride of birth and pride of race: he gave up the old histories and the old associations—to an apostate Jew

what would it help even to belong to the line of the House of David?'

'Emanuel,' Francesca pleaded, 'how can I believe what you say? I have always, since my birth, believed that I was a Moor.'

'For some reason, which I know not, you have been deceived. My child, I will prove to you that you are one of us. The proof is on your forehead. The Lord, when He chose this People, set upon their face a seal which can never, by any art or invention or artifice, be disguised or concealed. I have known all the various races of Jews in the world: the black Jews of India: the Falashas of Abyssinia, who followed Menelek, the son of Solomon; the Jews of Morocco, descendants of those who were expelled from Spain; the Jews of Germany, Russia, and Turkey: the Jews with fair hair and blue eyes—you yourself have brown hair and blue eyes—as I had when I was young; the strong and handsome Spanish Jew; the stunted Polish Jew. Nowhere yet have I seen, nowhere can be seen, any Jew without that stamp upon his face.'

'Yet I was always taught——' Francesca objected again, but feebly.

'Yes, yes; I have answered that, and now I will show you the seal. With your own eyes you shall see how plainly it is set upon your forehead so that all the world can read. It is a sign of pride and exultation if you choose to make it so. It is a sign of shame if you choose to make it so. Now get up.' Francesca obeyed. 'Stand before that looking-glass'—there was one over the mantelshelf—he looked at the girl whom both had forgotten. She was still bending over the teacups, idly playing with a spoon, her thoughts far away from the discourse, like the thoughts of a boy in church. 'Nelly, child, you have not been listening. Your mind is with your heart. But my talk was for Francesca. Stand up, my dear, and place yourself with Francesca before the glass. So; now look, Francesca.'

'Why,' cried Nelly, obeying, 'it's wonderful! Oh! she's just like you, Emanuel. Push your hair back a little. It's wonderful!

She is as like you as two pins! I never saw such a likeness. She might be your daughter.'

'And she might be your sister, Nelly, from her likeness to you. What do you see, Francesca?'

'I see an Oriental look common to all three faces. I have seen such a look in the faces of Arabs at Damascus and at Cairo. We are all Orientals. I have seen it in the Moors of Tangiers. Yet you do not count the Moors as your People.'

'As for me, I see the Seal of the Chosen People. If the word Jewess was written on your forehead in plain character, it could not be more distinct.'

'What is it like, your Seal?'

'On the common face it is a common sign. It is stamped on lips, on nose, or on eyes. On such a face as yours, Francesca, it is neither on your lips nor in your eyes. I cannot say what it is or where it is. But on your face, as on mine, the Lord has set His mark.'

'Of course everybody can see it,' said

Nelly; 'we have all known it from the very first.'

Then suddenly—lo!—a miracle!

For at that moment Francesca saw, with her own eyes, what she had never seen before, plainly set, upon her own face, the Seal of her own People! Was this man a magician who could not only read her mind and fill her with new thoughts, but could also reveal to her the thing that had been hidden from her birth? Nay, it became revealed to her as a Seal of Glory. For the simulacrum of her face in the glass changed, it seemed lit up with a new brightness; a new joy danced in her eyes; a new dignity sat upon her forehead; a new smile lay upon her lips; a new and softer glow lay upon her cheek.

'Oh!' she cried, catching Emanuel by the hand. 'What have you done? What have you said? Oh! I see it—I see it. Oh! Why have I never seen it before? Emanuel! It brightens my face! It lifts my heart! Emanuel, what have you done?'

'I have shown you that you are a

daughter of the People who have been led at their darkest always by the Pillar of Fire; something of that Divine light lingers as it falls upon some of our faces. It lies on yours, child; you are glorified by its presence. Francesca, are you still ashamed?'

'No—no—no,' she replied, the tears gathering in her eyes. 'I shall never be ashamed again. Oh! my heart is full. What shall I say to my mother? Oh! what have you done for me, Emanuel? What have you done for me?'

'I have given you back to your own People,' he repeated. 'Henceforth you shall be no more alone. I do not expect, child, that you will return to the Synagogue which you have never known. You will marry a Christian.' Francesca shook her head. 'Yes, it is your fate. You will marry Harold. But you must remember always that you are one of us; you must never be ashamed of us; you must think the best of us—when you next go amongst the poor degenerate children of Persecution you must think of the race to

which they belong, and the type from which they are descended. Daughter'—he held out both his hands, and his eyes filled and his sight was dim—'come back—come back to your own People. You will not return to the Ancient Faith, but you must learn to love the Ancient Race, even in its poorest and meanest children.'

She took his hands. 'Yes,' she said. 'I will learn to respect the People. Why is the world so full of contempt for Us—for Us?' she repeated. 'We are a great People. The world owes everything to Us—to Us! Why has it come to despise Us—Us? Emanuel, I will learn to love my own People. I must think about it all. It is too much to learn, all in a moment, all in one morning. But oh! I have seen the Seal; and the Splendour and the Glory of the Seal.'

Emanuel laid his hand upon her head, as if with a benediction. Then he went out of the room softly, shutting the door after him.

Francesca sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, her heart beating,

her face aglow, filled with new thoughts and new interests.

Nelly began to make up for lost time by washing up the breakfast things vigorously. She said nothing to Francesca until her task was finished.

'Come,' she said. 'You must not sit there all the morning, Francesca. Why, he's only told you what we knew all along. Clara knew it. I knew it. Father knew it.'

'But I did not know it, Nelly.' Francesca rose with a tearful smile. 'And, perhaps, I am, after all, the chief person to be considered.'

'Oh! of course. And now, Francesca—oh! I've been burning to speak. I thought he would never go. I *must* tell you. Francesca, I've made up my mind. I can't live without my boy. I have forgiven him. It is all settled. Oh! Francesca'—for her face was coldly pre-occupied—'you don't care a bit. I did think, after last night, you would have cared. Oh! you'd rather go on listening to his sermon.'

'No, no, Nelly.' Francesca returned to the parlour and the breakfast tray, and to Nelly's love story. 'Let us talk about it. Only, you see, I was thinking—I was thinking of the Prince of the Captivity and the Royal House of David. I was thinking of the Splendour and the Glory of the Seal. I was looking upwards, Nelly, at the Pillar of Fire.'

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME

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